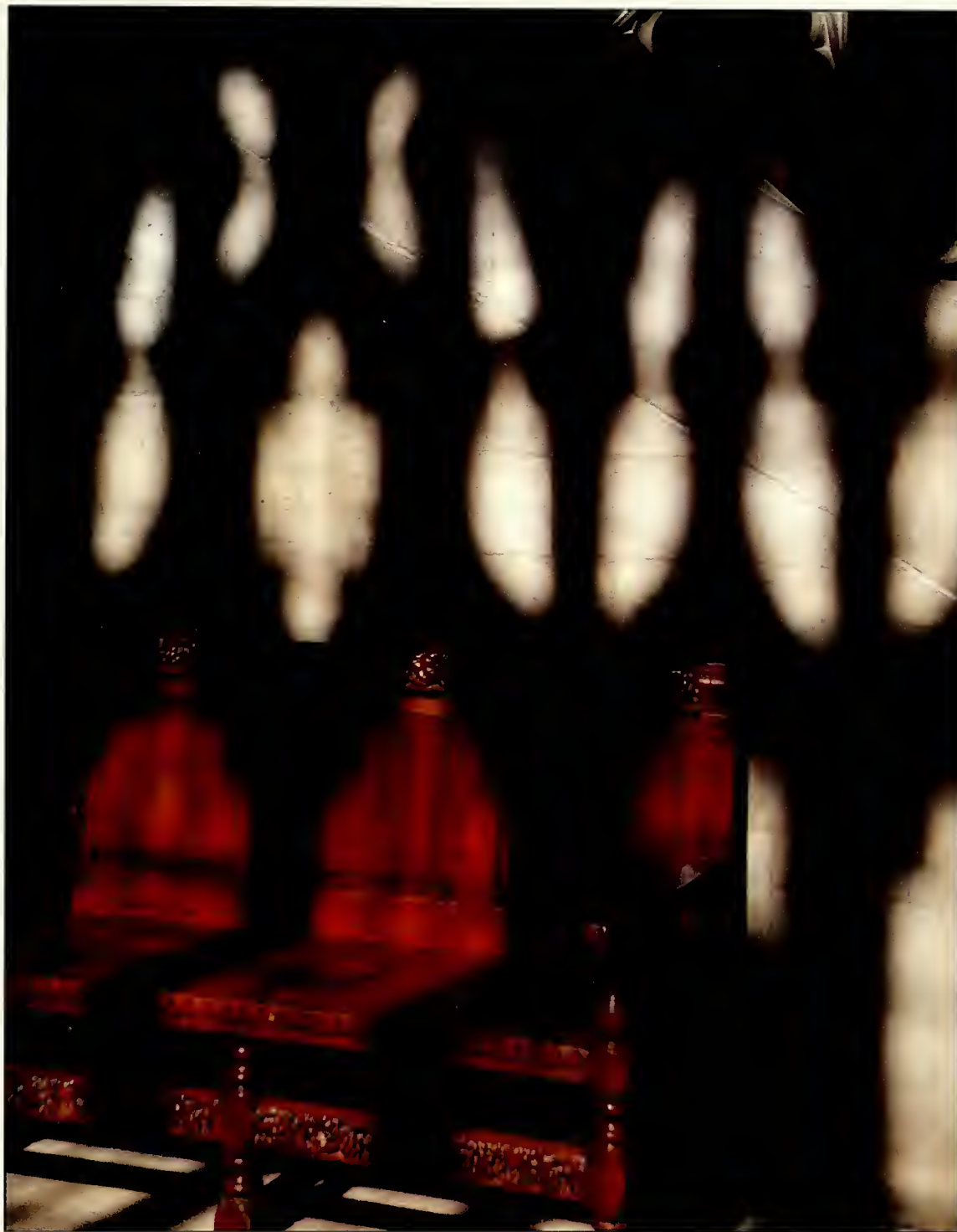


duke



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chanticleer

1997

edited by
jessica goldman and david pincus



WASHINGTON DUKE 1820 — 1903

ANIMATED BY LOFTY PRINCIPLES HE EVER CHERISHED THE WELFARE OF HIS COUNTRY WITH THE ARDOR OF A TRUE PATRIOT; DILIGENT IN BUSINESS, HE ACQUIRED RICHES, BUT IN THE ENJOYMENT OF THEM DID NOT FORGET TO SHARE WITH THE LESS FORTUNATE; A PATRON OF LEARNING, HE FOSTERED AN INSTITUTION WHICH PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF ASPIRING YOUTH THE IMMORTAL GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE, AND WHEN THE ACTIVITIES OF HIS EARLY LIFE AND THE STERNER STRUGGLES OF HIS MATURER YEARS HAD PASSED HE ENTERED UPON A SERENE OLD AGE CHEERED BY A LOWLY PIETY AND SUSTAINED BY AN UNFAILING TRUST IN GOD WHO IN ALL THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE HAD KEPT HIM SINGLE IN HIS AIMS, SINCERE IN HIS FRIENDSHIPS, AND TRUE TO HIMSELF.

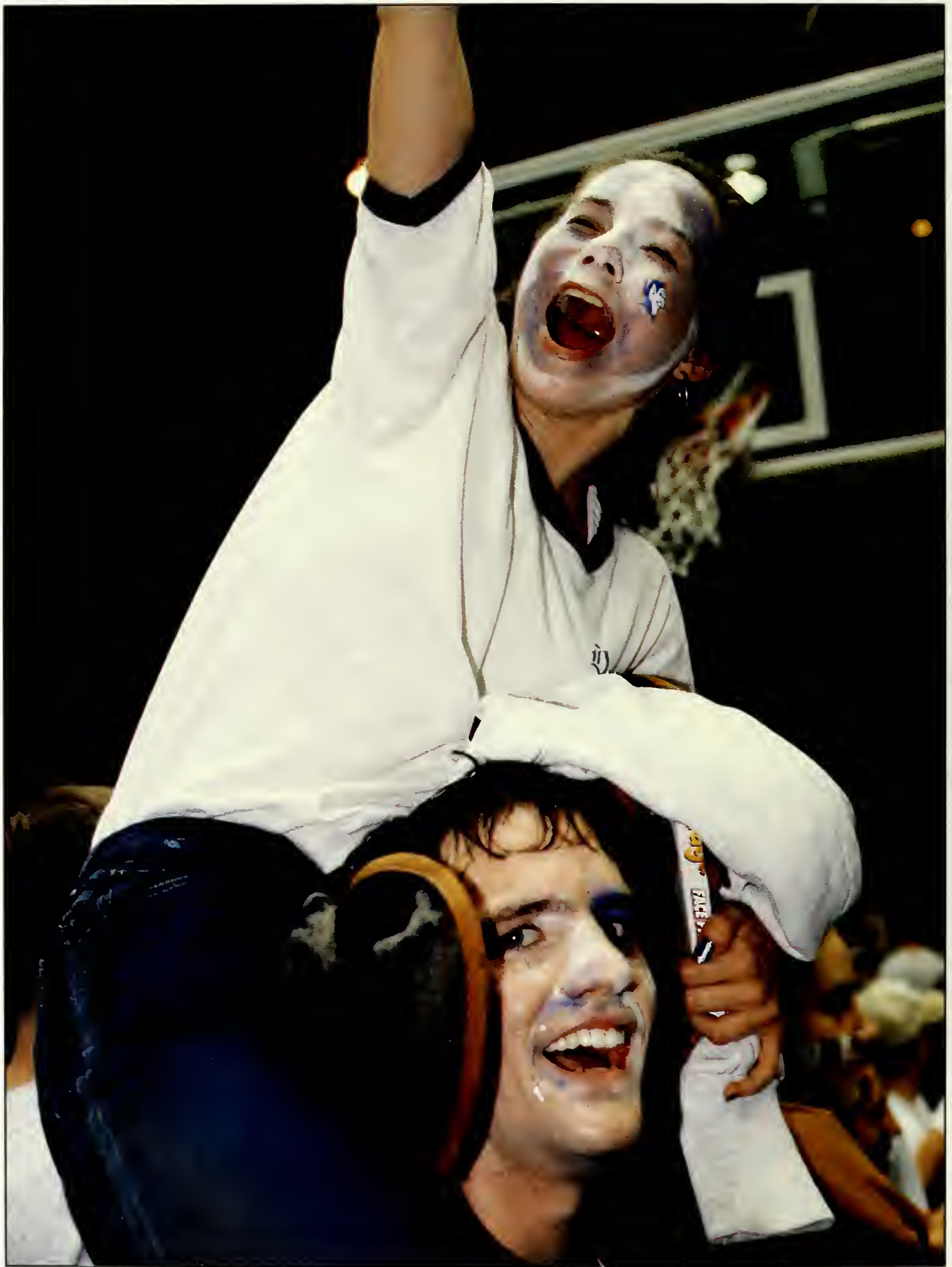
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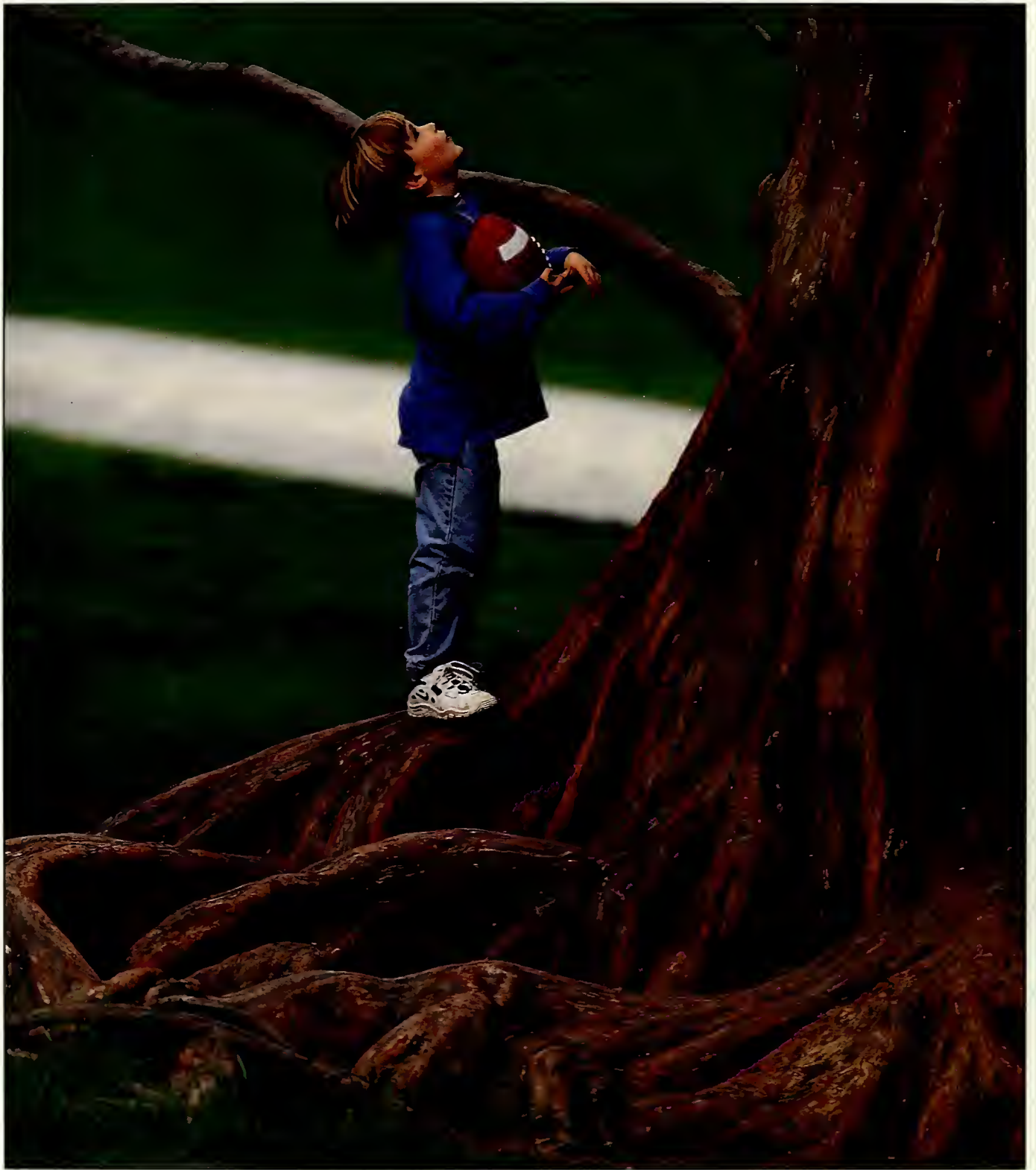
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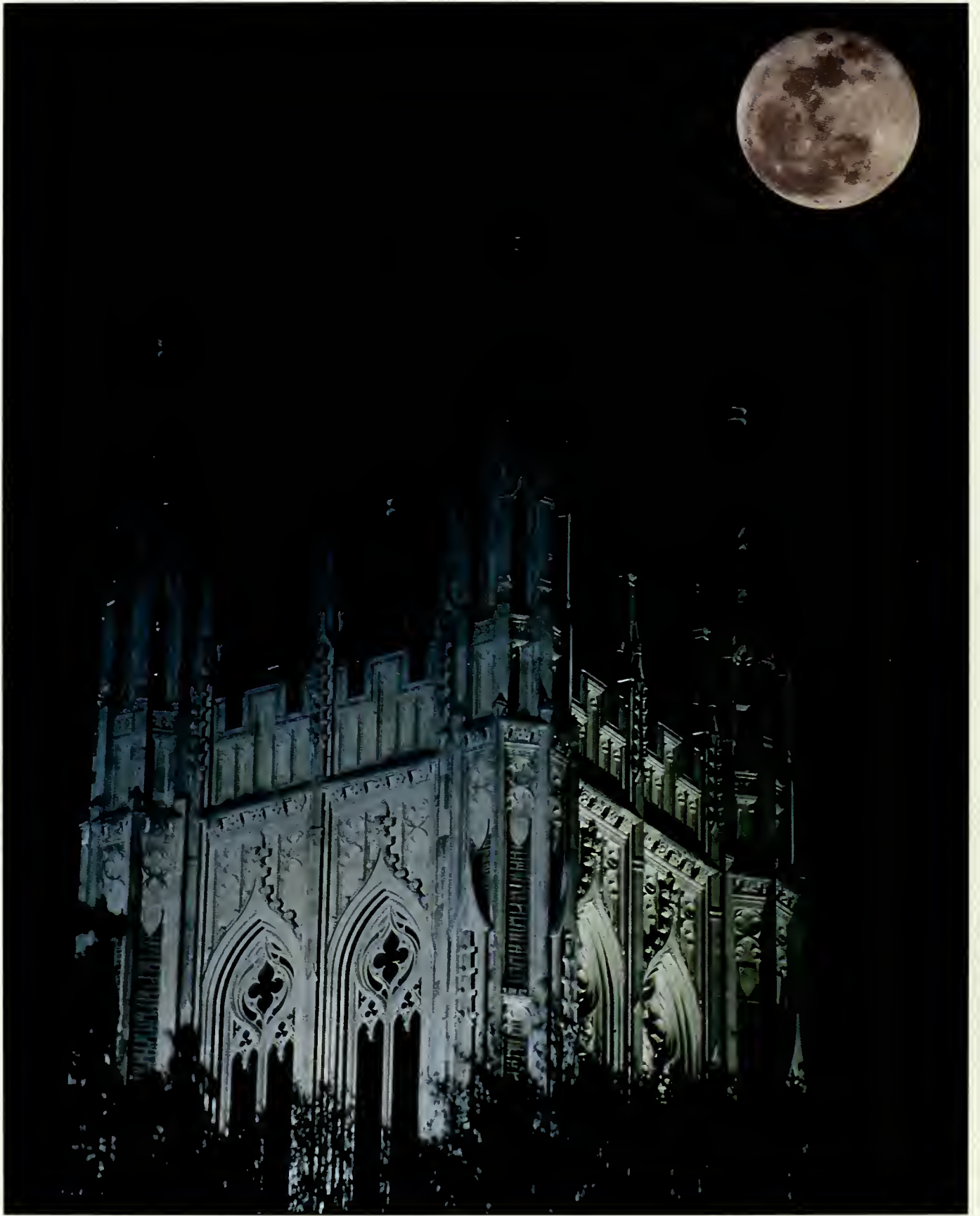












Hey, remember me? I was the funny MONDAY, MONDAY.

When the beautiful editor of the Chanticleer asked me to write one last column, I didn't know what to think. I mean, the YEARBOOK? That's so high school. Who does yearbook in college? We all know this activity is just an excuse to get your friends' pictures put in and to vote yourself most likely to succeed.

What is a yearbook for anyway? Basically, a bunch of messages from people you don't remember about what was supposed to have been the best time in your life full of in-jokes you don't get anymore. What sucks about the Chanticleer is that we get it after we graduate, so we can't even have our friends sign it. That's when it hit me. This column can be like a yearbook signing from all the people who have meant so much to us over the years. So just insert your name in the blanks and show your spouses, children, mistresses, lovers and "longtime companions" what cool friends you had in college.

"You know, I always felt like I could play, but it wasn't until senior year that things really started to click for me. That's right, it wasn't until you came into my life, _____, that basketball started to mean something to me. You're my inspiration." - Grant Hill.

"Hey _____, I just have to say that I should have listened to the advice you yelled at me from the stands during all the games. What was I thinking?" - Coach K.

"Thanks for covering up my sexual preference." - Christian Laettner.

"Thanks for covering up our sexual preferences." - The Brothers of Phi Psi.

"Thanks for the CPS answers. I'll name my next kid after you, _____." - Greg Newton.

"Thanks for picking us up from elementary school every day and driving us to the games. XOXOX, _____." - The Duke Cheerleaders.

"You know, there were a lot of people on this campus who claimed to be the first person at Duke to listen to me. But I know better. You know, every songwriter has a voice in their head that they write for, a muse. That was you, _____." - Dave Matthews.

"Out of all my hook-ups, you were the best." - The Shark

"Sieg Heil! Not since Hitler have we met as true a conservative as you. You have made the master race proud, _____." - The Staff of the Duke Review.

"Sure, we liked to smoke pot. But you turned us on to ash, acid, shrooms, ecstasy, speed, angel dust and heroin, and showed us how to really expand our consciousness while maintaining our role as the alternative frat. You were the best supplier we ever had." - The Betas.

"No, you were the best supplier WE ever had. You gave us all the coke we wanted, so we never had to buy from those cary minorities." - The SAE's.

"Thanks for letting us make fools of ourselves by making a big deal out of the joke MONEY SHOT made about us and reminding everyone why it's easier to get into our pledge class than get an A in UWC." - AE.

"Hey, remember us? Come on, you have to. We used to be a really cool fraternity who beat up RA's and mistreated women. Are you sure you don't remember us? But we were so damn cool!" - the SPE's.

"Thanks for letting us consume nothing but salads, frozen yogurts, bottled water and cigarettes. Thanks for letting us traipse around in clogs, sundresses and bitch-packs. Thanks for letting us come up with the phoniest rush process ever conceived where you judge your new best friend on what they're wearing and how nice a name tag they can make. Thanks for letting us sacrifice our personality and individuality for the

feeling of sisterhood and a chance to stab each other in the back over guys." - _____ (Fill in your favorite sorority. The truth is, just like their pledge classes, they all start to look and sound the same after awhile.).

"Thanks for not tattling on me when I stole all of MONEY SHOT's material." - BUCK NAKED, unfunny MONDAY, MONDAY # 6,793.

"Thanks for not complaining when we violated your civil rights. And thanks for putting OUR kids through college with all those parking tickets." - Public Safety.

"Thanks for not telling anybody I was a real person who only pretended I was a computerized voice just so I could fuck with students and prevent them from taking any of the classes they wanted." - The ACES lady.

"Thanks for letting me suck all of the fun out of this institution. But at least we moved up in the U.S. News and World Report rankings." - Nan Keohane.

"Thanks for taking advantage of me." - Your FAClet.

"Thanks for voting for me so I could pad my resume." - (Fill in your favorite DSG candidate) _____.

"Thanks for having a 3.3 GPA and joining our honor society. Oh, and if you send 30 bucks to our post office box in the Cayman Islands and you can have a special edition of this yearbook with your own huge portrait." - Rohit Kumar and Jed Silversmith, co-founders of Sigma Gamma Delta Honor Society.

"Thanks for coming to our games, even if you did wear a paper bag over your head. I promise never to tell anyone you showed up. No one should ever have to share our shame." - The Duke Football Team, 0-11 and still trying...

"I may not have been able to incinerate you when I tried to blow up the Allen Building, but I'll be eligible for parole in a few years." - Clay Petersen.

"I'm so glad we got to develop a close personal relationship despite the problems of race, class, and socio-economic differences." - the employees of Burger King and the Rat.

"It was a real pleasure making sure you got to live everywhere but Main West during your four years here." - Bill Burig.

"Hey, you may be smarter than us, you may be richer than us, you may have brighter futures, have husbands and wives who are not your first cousins, you may have SAT scores higher than your IQ, and you may have beaten us in basketball, but - wait, what was our point again?" - Your fellow graduates at UNC.

The other purpose of a yearbook is make you remember your regrets, the things you didn't do. There are lots of things I'll regret not doing at Duke: completing my graduation requirements. Never getting to use that "condom on a keychain" they gave out during freshmen orientation. Not using up all my food points. Never having had an intellectual conversation at Duke. Not standing in the yellow area of the East-West bus while it was in motion. Not interacting with the residents of Durham. Forgetting to develop an eating disorder. And most of all, not working on the yearbook.

While you are reading this, MONEY SHOT is much more famous and successful than you. Either that, or Mark Sable is sitting in a bar somewhere, throwing back shot after shot of tequila, reminiscing about the good old days at Duke when he used to have a weekly column that people thought was funny, while the bartender is saying, "I've think you've had enough for tonight, son."

Mark Sable, Trinity '97

















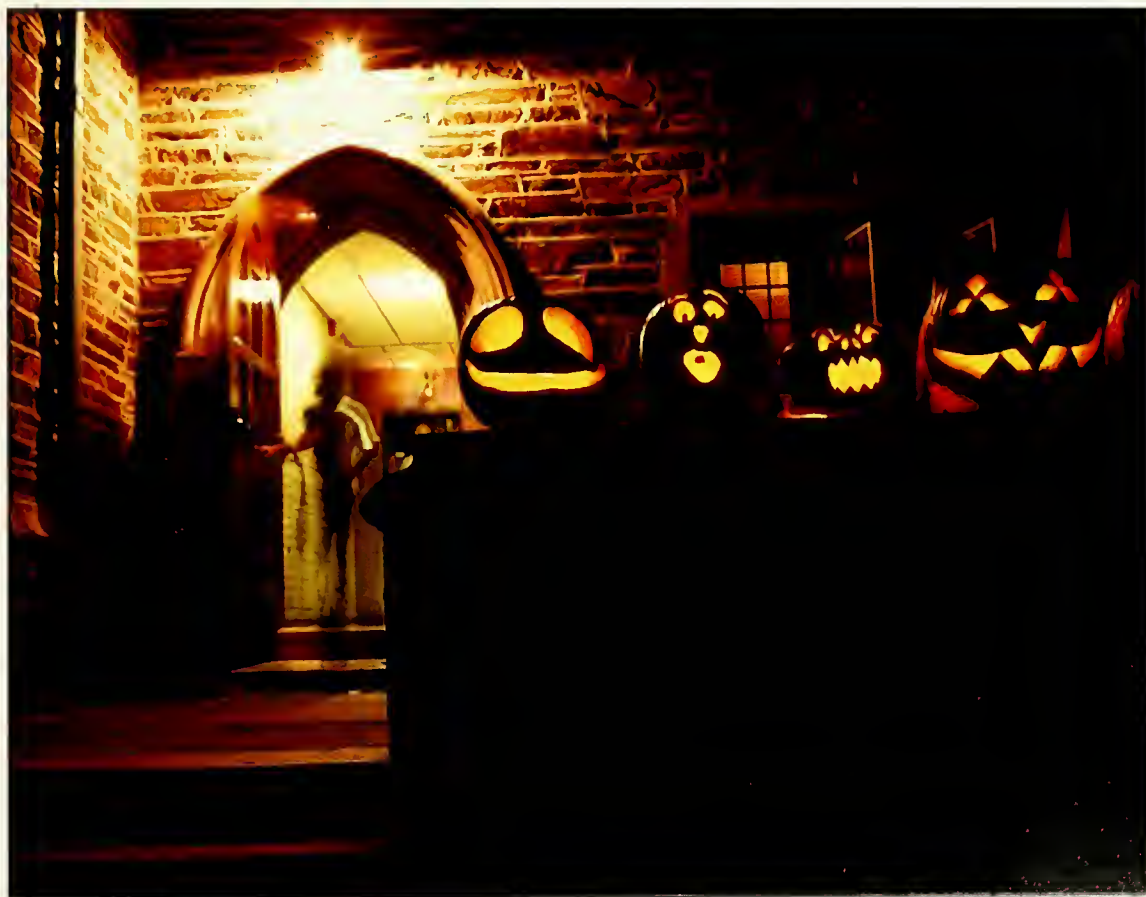




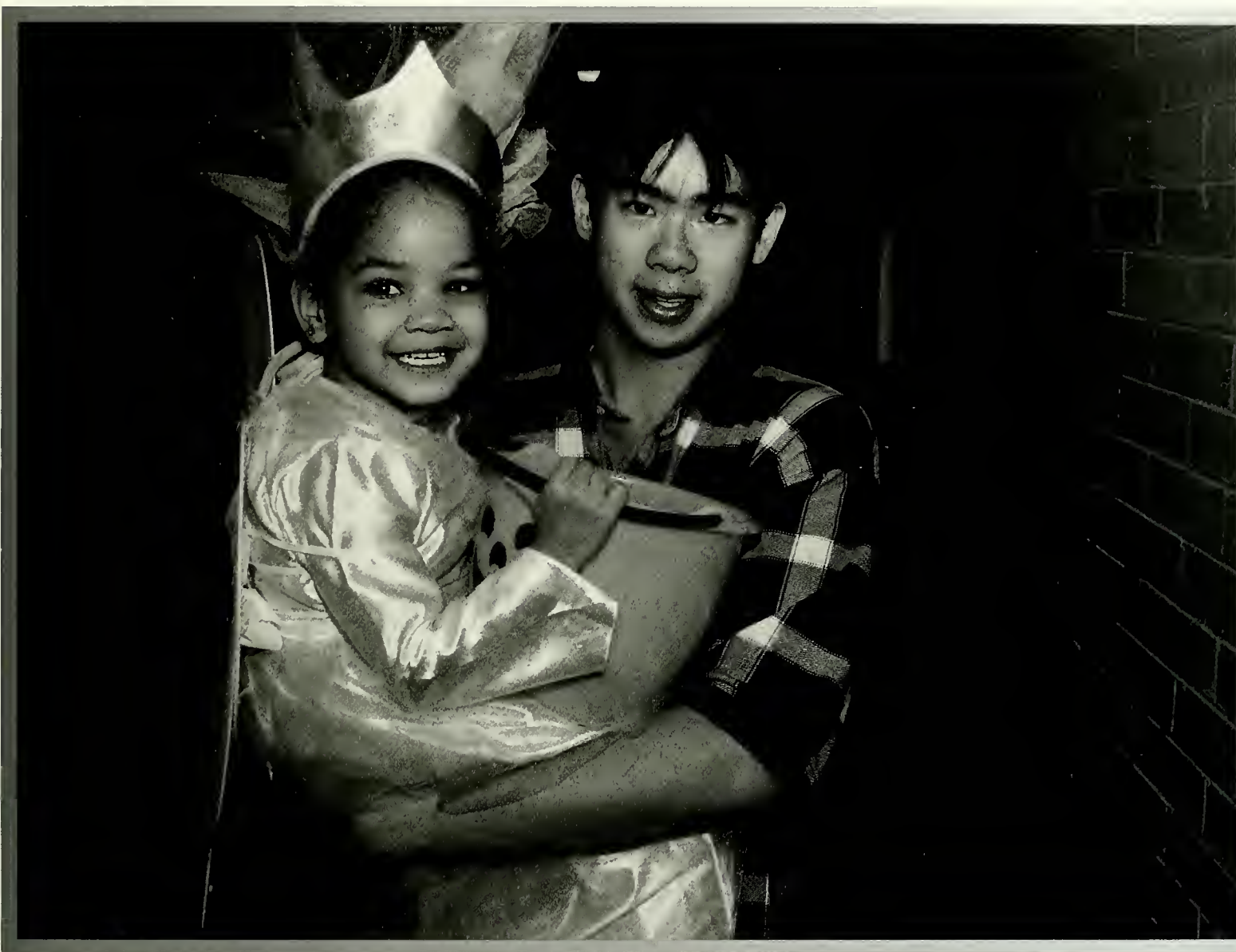






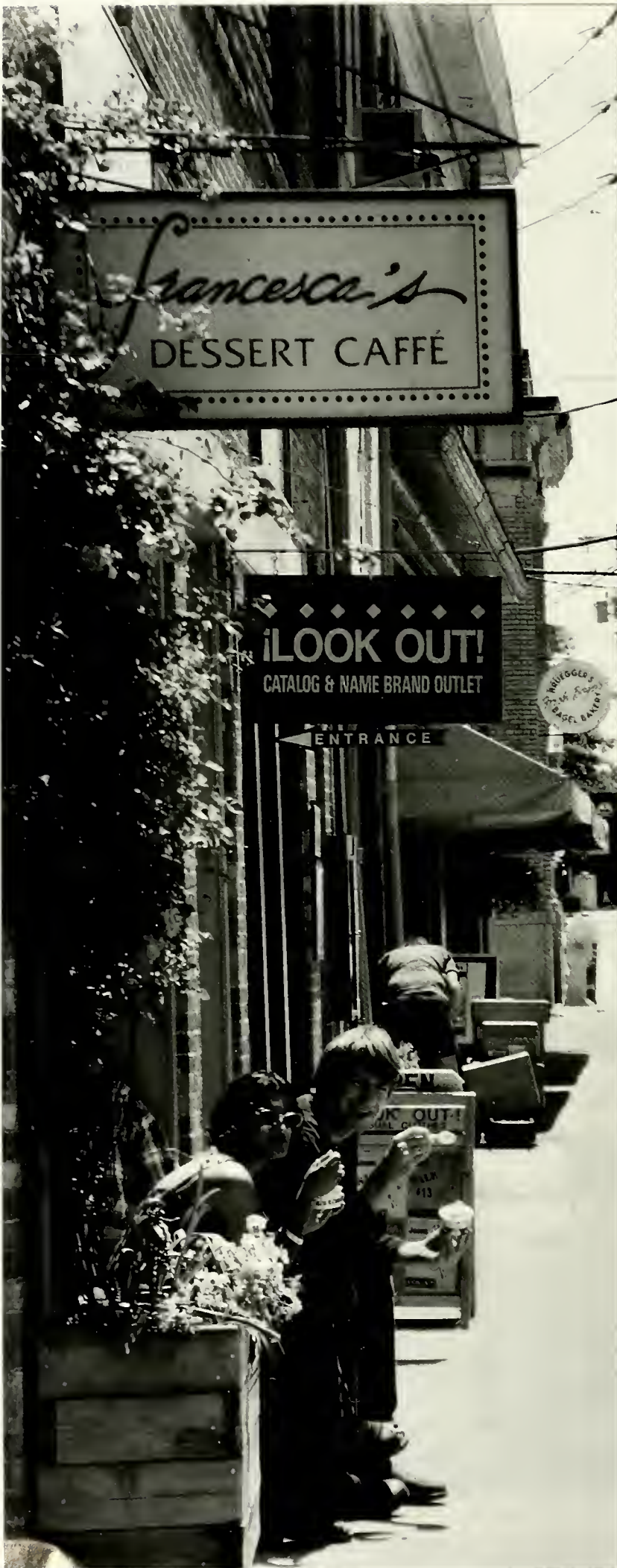


























events

REGGAE JAM

SAT.
10-2
FEW
QUAD



NOV 20



Cigarette smoke. It doesn't smell like Duke in here.

It was fall of 1993, two weeks into the first semester of my college career, and Alissa, my newfound best friend, and I had stumbled into the Coffeehouse. On a tinny stereo, French parlor jazz sifted into the background noise with a babble of conversations in different languages ranging from French and German to Chinese and Japanese. As we penetrated through the haze of smoke, we could make out the outlines of seated figures who had carefully arranged themselves in shoddy chairs—statues that icily glanced at us and then returned to their thick, dog-eared reading that seemed levels above our UWC coursepacks.

We had heard, in whispers, that this was the place where Marxists, expatriates, intellectuals and artistic types hung out. When we asked our FAC about the Coffeehouse, he simply told us that the place served nice vegetarian food. Having cast ourselves as dissidents amidst the surreal congeniality of the freshman dorm (it did odd to us to have the typical "hi, where are you from?" conversation all the time), Alissa and I thought we'd give the Coffeehouse a whirl. At that time, the Coffeehouse was a place that needed to be staked out, observed, stalked, approached, retreated, re-strategized, and then re-entered with caution. One did not give it a mere whirl.

We quietly went up to the counter and gave our orders to the distractedly genial, goateed neo-hippie who seemed more into his Wittgenstein book than into being a cog in the machine of capitalistic consumption. We took our Thai tuna and spinach lasagna to the table in the darkest corner of the room and ate quickly, looking and talking only at each other.

You have a light? one of the statues asked us.

We don't smoke, we replied.

Oh.

When we finished, we quietly left. No one noticed.

Needless to say, Alissa and I kept coming back. The Coffeehouse might have been pretentious, mysterious, impenetrable and intimidating to us young "first-years," but after the sanitized preppiness of mainstream Duke, the sea of thrift store attire, Kabuki black and urban stylings were refreshing—and the people watching was unparalleled. Tall, angular women held court with their small, exotic counterparts and surrounded the small square tables with cigarettes propped à la Audrey Hepburn in their hands. Lanky, androgynous men whose style preceded the CK One aesthetic converged in groups to play elaborate card games. Graduate student couples sat across from each other, debated over the latest article in *Lingua Franca*, and complained about the ungodly hour of UWC, held at eight in the morning way back when. No one really talked to us, but after the constant "Hi, where are you from?" such a silence was a bit more real to our anti-social sensibilities.

After awhile, the Coffeehouse denizens began talking to Alissa and me. We had weathered the trial period of initiation—we had ingested enough secondhand smoke—and the statues came to life. They beckoned us out of our darkened corner by the dilapidated piano, and invited us to share their conversations. (Yes, we too could take a stab at being sophisticatedly pretentious or pretentiously sophisticated!) But it was, above all, fun. The Coffeehouse was a stage, and everyone there was a star in their own movie. With a strong "see or be seen" vibe, the Coffeehouse was play-acting, dressing up, acting out—but in parts that seemed much more amusing than "girl gets ogled at party" or "boy drinks too much every weekend." Instead, you could pretend you were someone in *La Dolce Vita*, or in some café in any European city. When you're a freshman in search of an identity, the Coffeehouse was the alternate theater, a playground for the parts you've been reading about since you were 13 when you were dreaming of escaping your little hometown.

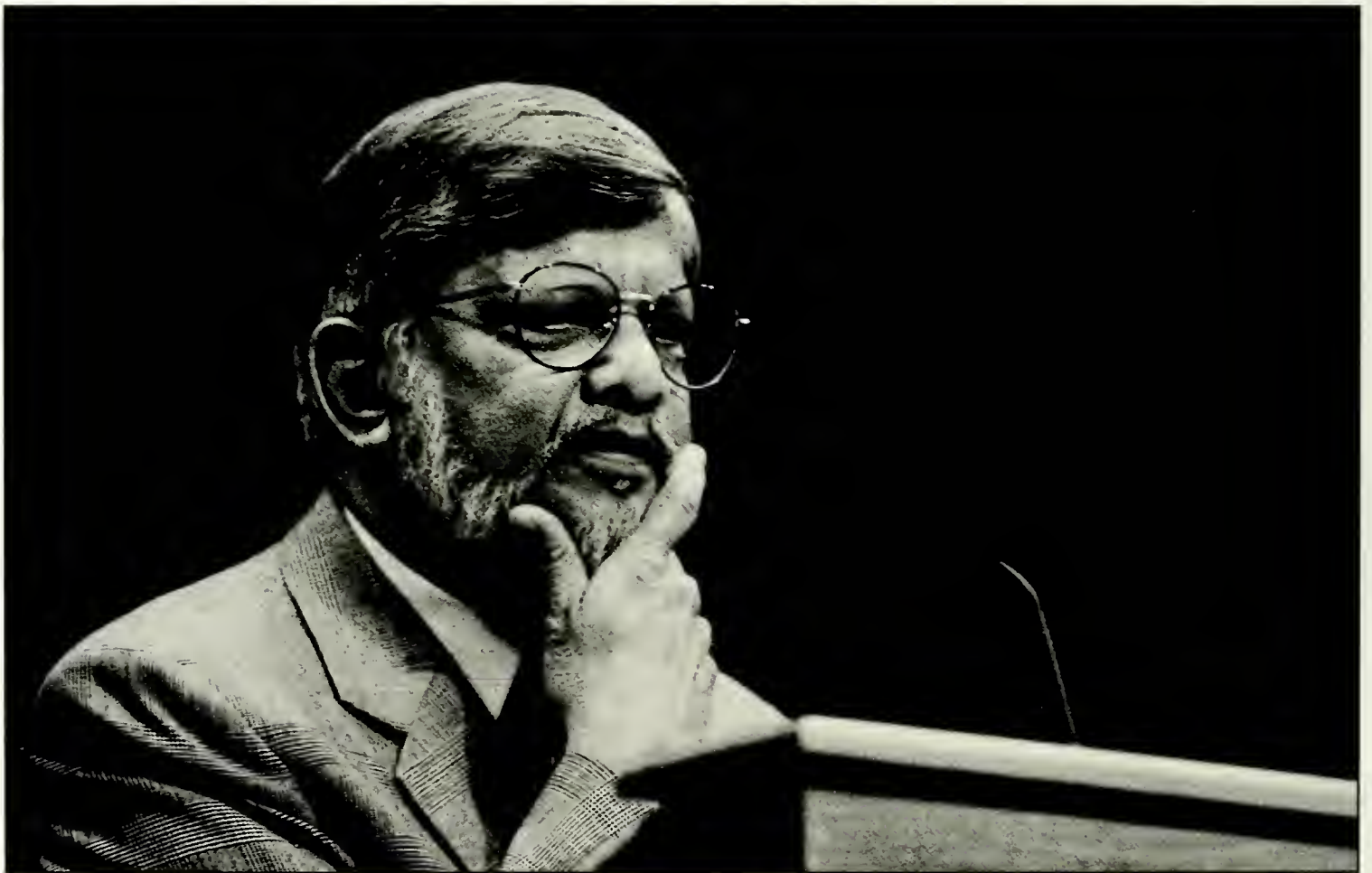
Of course, the Coffeehouse culture was more typical than it appeared. Not only was the Coffeehouse high theater, but soap opera, too. On Mondays, the crowd would sit around and dish about who hooked up with who, who broke up with who and who did what where. The tall, angular women shot barbed glances at their rivals. The men fancied themselves Casanovas and hooked up in serial fashion, with both genders, depending on their orientation. Alissa and I hung out there in the afternoons and brought all our friends. We would come back to our dorm, reeking of smoke, and people would ask, "Hanging out at the Coffeehouse, huh?"

But like any great place, gentrification happens, and things change. Alissa transferred to Harvard at the end of second semester. My sophomore year, J. Crew began to infiltrate the ubiquitous severe *noir* elegance and rag-tag threads, more of my classes were on West and it became the Kafehaus. The next year, everyone that I liked (or were amused by) began graduating, and I knew fewer faces. This year, I haven't been at all—the typical senior year of taking hard classes, concentrating on your future, blah blah blah.

I did stop in once during my last semester. I could smell the smoke and hear the music in the hallway outside the room. When I peeked my head in, I saw three people seated, each reading books that I had already read during my time at Duke. Fans were dissipating the thin amount of smoke, and I could see clearly inside. Nothing seemed mysterious or indecipherable, although everything was calm, peaceful, mindful of its own business and low-key. I ordered a Thai tuna for old times' sake and ate it in the corner table. As I left, I smelled like smoke, but only lightly.

Kat Ascharya, Trinity '97





Arun Gandhi



Carl Djerassi



The Nylons



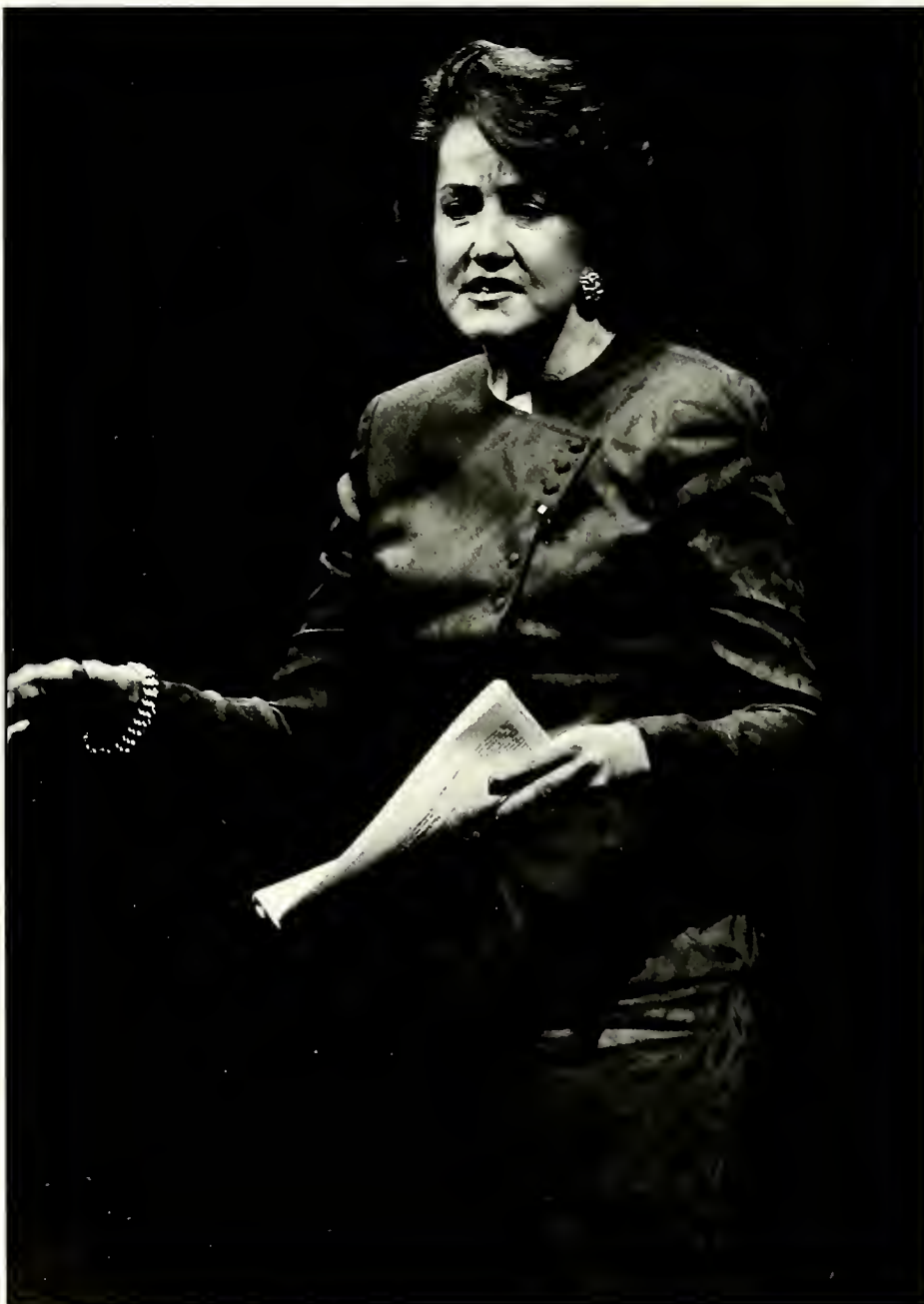


Fishbone



The Roots

Elizabeth Dole



Class Of
'97
DUKE™





Tibetan Monks

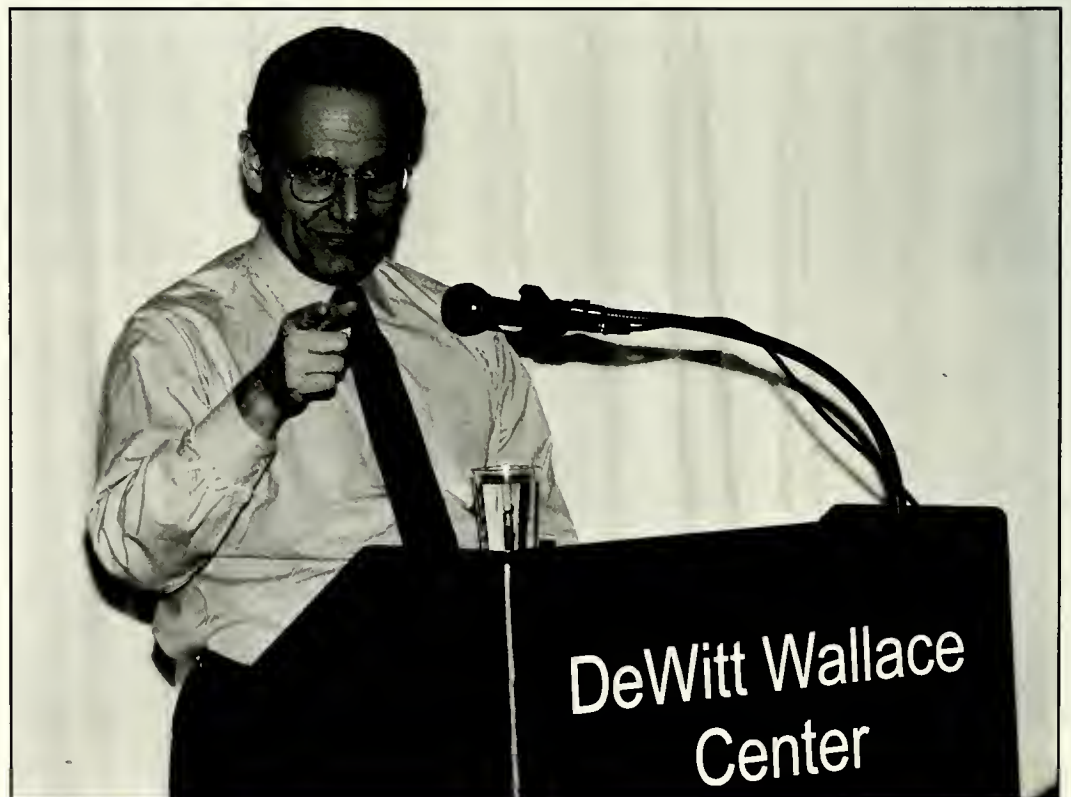




Czech Philharmonic Orchestra
Alyssa Park, Violin



Bob Woodward





Mary Fisher



Hello and Goodbye



The Tempest





Tom Deluca



Kevin Nealon



George Winston



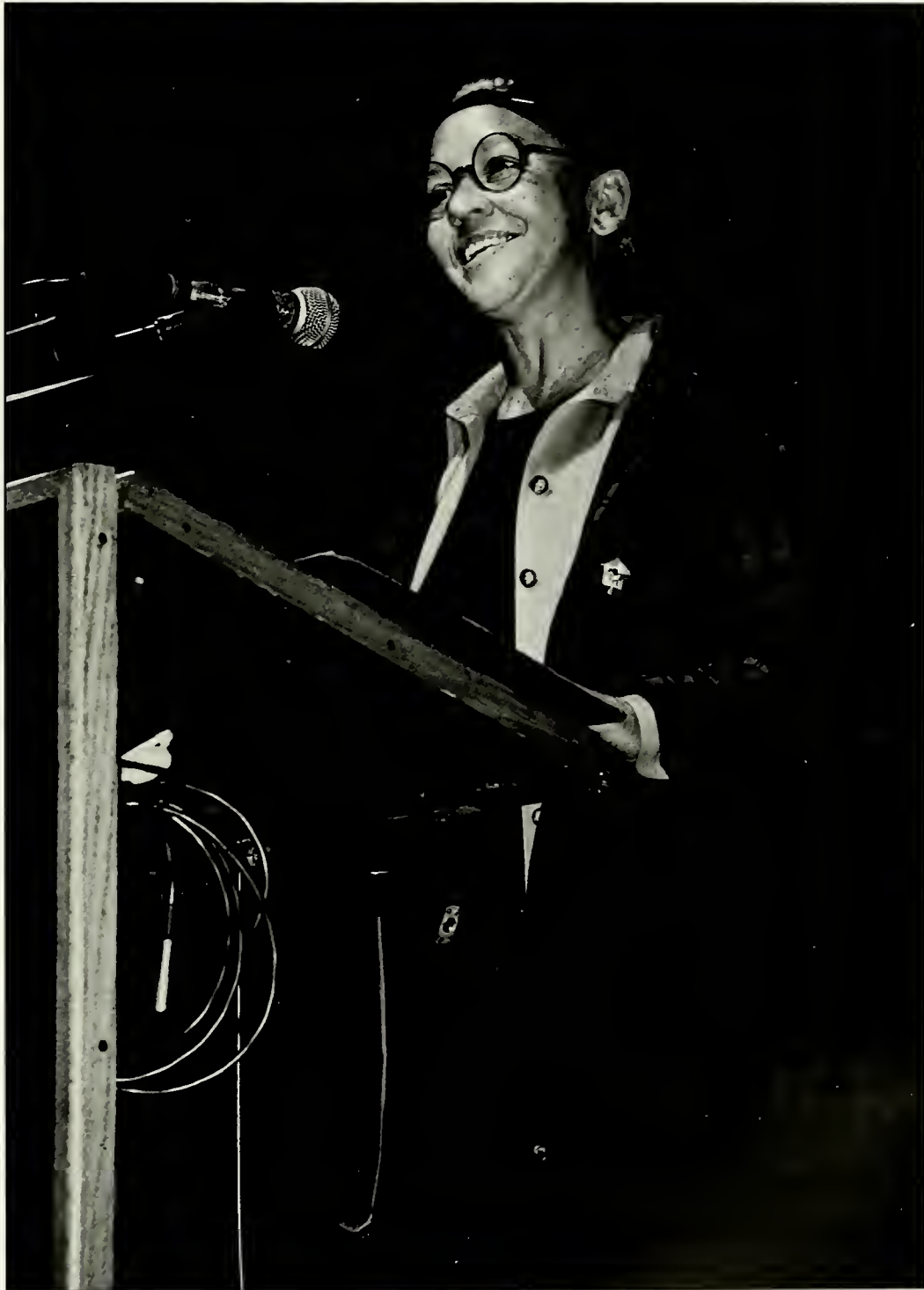
Take Back the Night



Patricia Ireland



Michael Eric Dyson



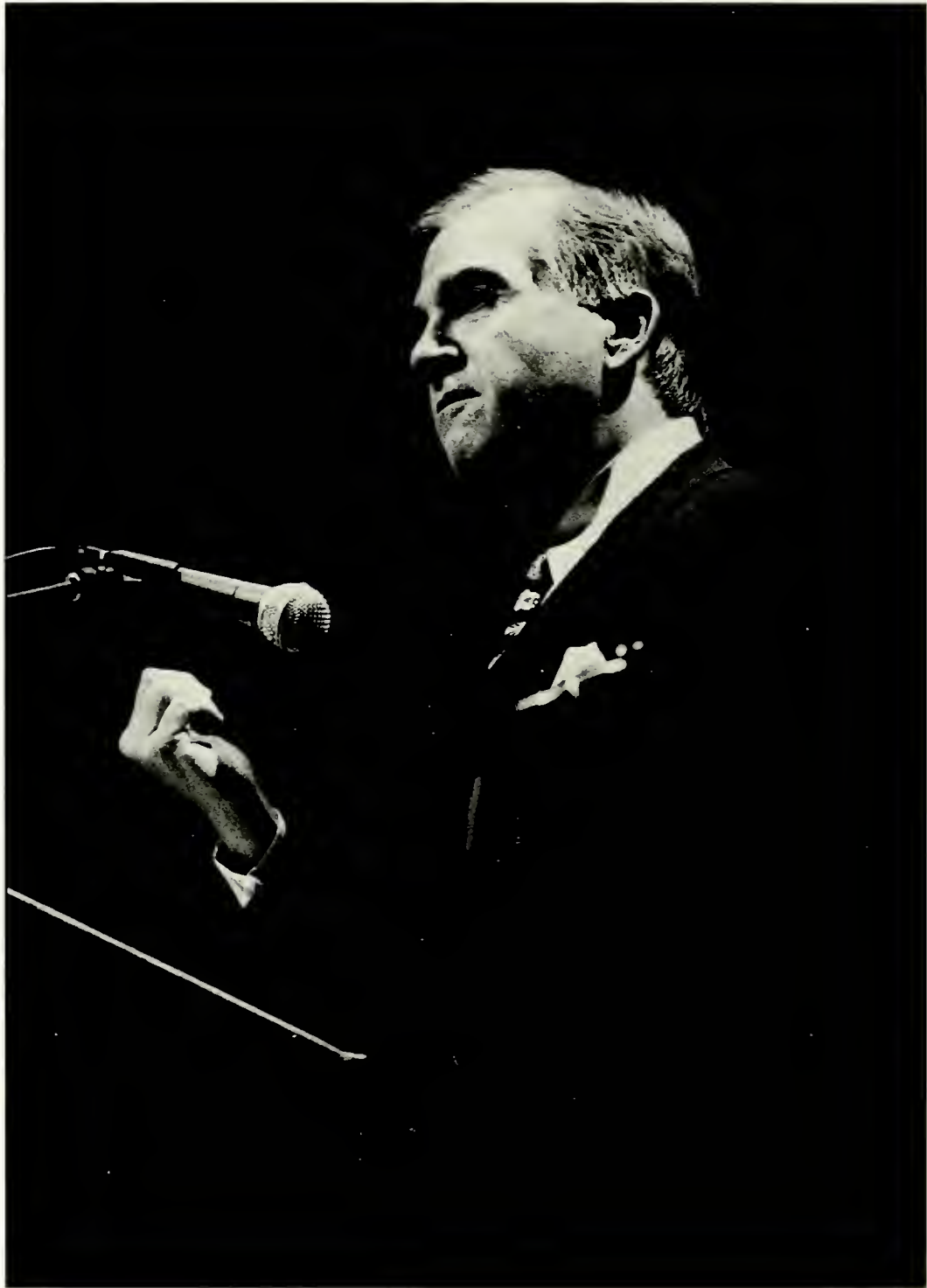
Nikki Giovanni



Diwali



Duke Dance



John Douglas



Dr. Audrey Manley



Guys and Dolls



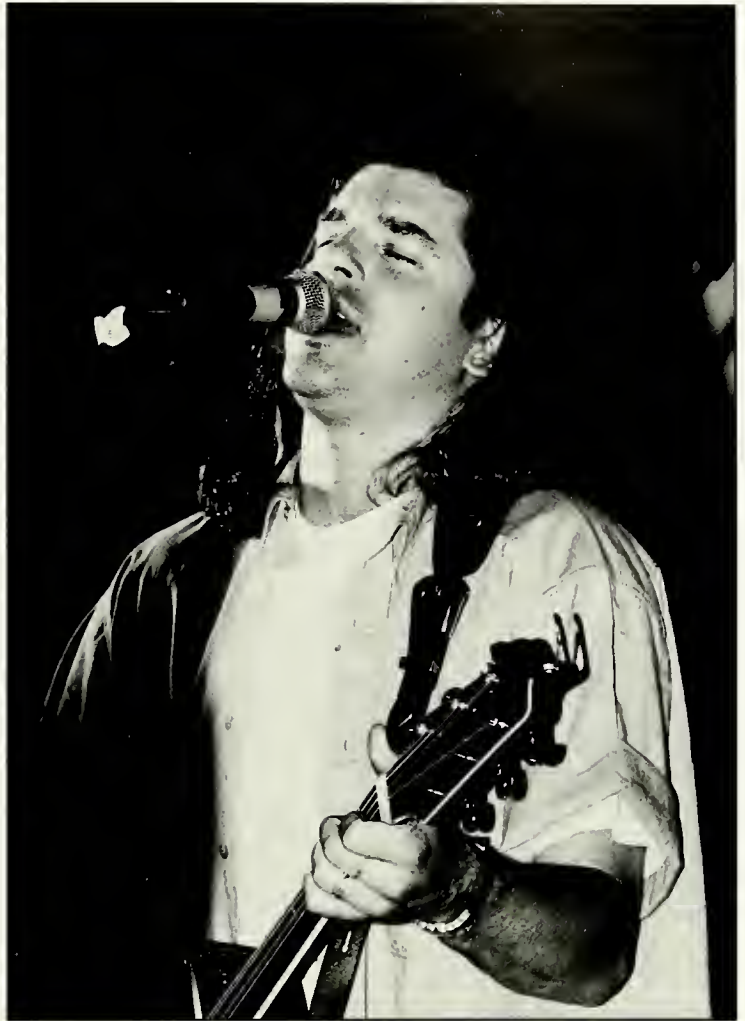


Carousel





The Last Day of Classes



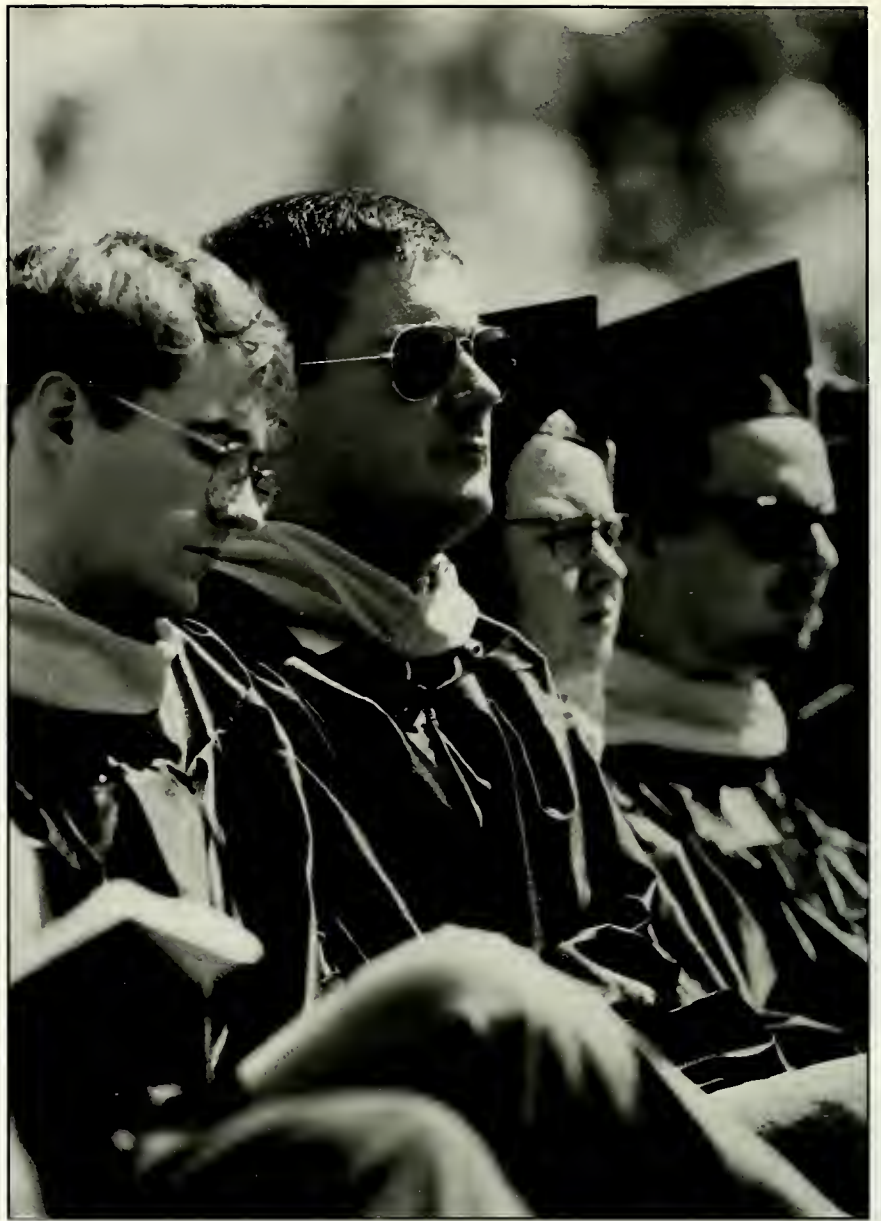


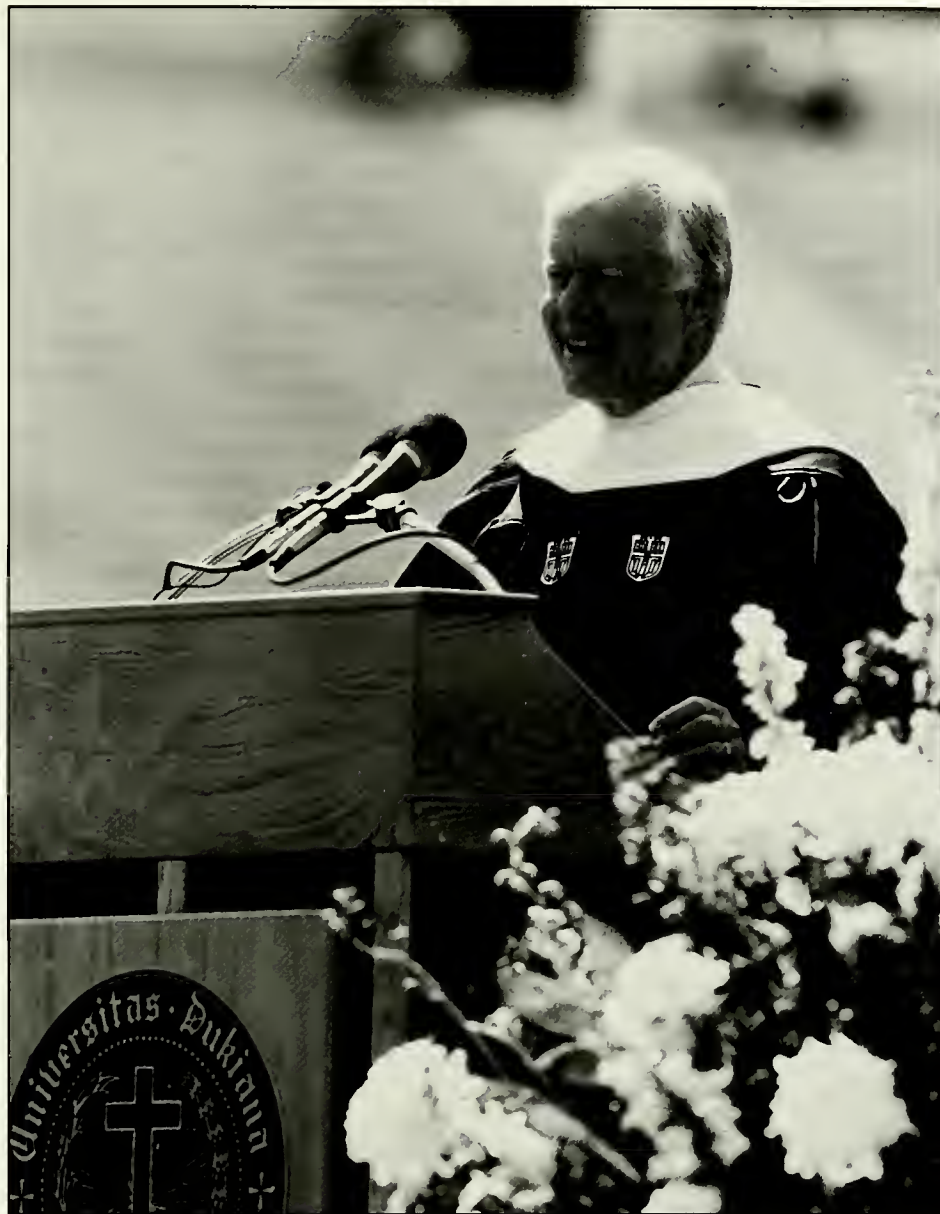
Myrtle Beach





Graduation







academics

And so it appears that Harvard must indeed be the Duke of the North, as an exit poll of Duke seniors would likely find that many cannot easily pinpoint exactly what they will take from many of their academic classes into their lives after Duke. What else can explain my sudden inability to take a simple derivative? Yeah, that's right, me, the Economics major. Or for that matter, the strange affliction plaguing those of my Engineering friends to whom the UWC persuasive paragraph structure has become a mystery.

And which Jazz Era claimed Thelonious Monk as its own? What was the third tenet of Arrow's Impossibility Theorem? How does one say 'asparagus' in French? For that matter, how does one say anything in French? What were U.S.-Mexico trade relations like under Carter? Who wrote *Thanatopsis*? What did Leibnitz think? Who was Leibnitz? How do you conduct the ANOVA test of statistical analysis? and why? What did Fisher equate? What about all those modern poets and novelists we read, analyzed, discussed, and debated? What did they have to say? Who painted School of Athens? What grows on a decision tree?

To be honest, I don't remember.

So what will we take with us? I think we'll take a great deal even though I've always been quick to say that books and classes only account for half of a college education. The other half encompasses the whole of the life we each develop for ourselves during our four jam-packed years here. It includes every person we encounter, each relationship we build and rebuild, and all of the new experiences we have: from our first laundry fiasco to our first hangover, from our first all-nighter (or three) to our first Kryzewskiville camp-out, and from Myrtle to a Project WILD expedition, a dig in Israel, or a bungee-jump in Australia. It includes every risk we take, rule we break, and mistake we make—of which there are many. And as a result, it includes the endless transitions, self-searching, and transformations we undergo. From all this we learn... and absorb bits and pieces that ultimately become facets of ourselves. These years are arguably the most stimulating, sensory-dense, and dynamic of our lives.

So where does this leave academics? Consider how much you've changed since first setting foot here. You are not the same person (thank God) that first tried to look like you "fit" despite the fact that you were dutifully following some chattering guy walking backwards, and were flanked by your parents, desperately wishing you had left that high school letter jacket at home. No, you've seen more, done more, felt more, and learned more. The buildings are no longer just gorgeously Gothic—they hold personal stories for each us now. We've changed a lot. And even if only half of our four-year transformation can be attributed to academics... well, that's quite a hefty half.

Each class we take is truly an end in itself. There is really no other time we are presented with the opportunity to choose any subject we care to explore (with a few exceptions, pre-requisites, and UWC thrown in), and learn it for the sake of learning—not transcript-building, resume-enhancing, or job-hunting. In a charged, motivated, and success-minded atmosphere such as Duke, however, this is not always easy to remember. I know it.

I've seen the bikini-clad, beer-toting ACES callers in the Rockin' K parking lot. But there are moments when that academic excitement does break the surface: when a once-nebulous concept suddenly makes all the sense in the world, when a project group really clicks, when you start to apply academic concepts across subjects... and over lunch with friends, and when looking back at a syllabus upon finishing a class, amazed at all you had endured and learned.

Academics also crosses the line and becomes intertwined with that "other half" of our Duke education and development in many ways, contributing to shaping, new experiences and relationships. These could be the classes that made you see every theater production at Duke, sent you to work at the Butner state mental hospital, forced you to confront your own prejudices and stereotypes, or required serious "study" time in Deryl Hart. For me it meant that many times around 1 a.m. during my sophomore year, late-night discussions of marginal utility and sunk costs with my economics partner often devolved into those of life aspirations, personal philosophy, and Billy Joel. That economics partnership developed into a dynamic friendship that will continue to thrive and educate me long after I leave Duke. And while Duke academics does fuel that type of lifelong learning, now is really the only time reserved for us to think deeply about issues, to develop and experiment with new ideas and frameworks of thought, and all without serious consequences. When we leave, we will seldom meet with similar opportunity. While we may not have learned all the answers (or remember them, anyway), we know how to think, how we think and how to approach problems and new ideas.

And as for all those elusive facts and figures we think we've lost. The very act of learning how to learn them is perhaps the most important academic preparation for life we can receive. But I believe they will come back to us on choice occasions, likely when we least expect it, and perhaps when we are strolling through the Louvre, engrossed in a political debate with a friend, helping our children with homework, or if nothing else, when playing Trivia Pursuit. I also think that the true value and scope of our academic experience is only gradually disclosed to us in a series of broadly-spread revelations throughout the very different phases of our lives after Duke. Regardless of any recent academic brain drain, however, as my senior year (way too quickly draws to a close, there is one thing I do know. Whatever I eventually realize I have taken from my classes at Duke, I have spent a significant amount of time reading, writing, thinking, drinking, er, studying, questioning, and developing my mind. And I've enjoyed it—just did not always realize it when I was in the thick of it. This also means that I have now officially exhausted all of my study-space options to the point of feeling a gross aversion to even entering Deryl Hart, Gothic, Lilly Sanford, or the stacks with book in hand. I guess that when you can no longer study anywhere but Bruegger's, you know it's time to go. Now, at the end, however, I am beginning to realize just how important it is to seize what is perhaps the richest academic opportunity we'll ever have, enjoy it while we are here, and remember it fondly.

You can take it with you.



Phi Beta Kappa



Fall Initiates

Peter Dunn Ahlin, Sharon Lisa Alspector, Joseph Raymond Ambrose III, Josie Amley, Toby Edward Ast, Elizabeth C. Barnes, Laura Michelle Billings, Damian Peter Bruno, Joseph SinYuan Chien, John D. Choi, Lisa Katherine Cioci, Carolyn E. Clayton, Paul E. Denaro, Scott Michael Downer, Brian Daniel Dudenhoefer, Greg Michael Ferkel, Mark Evan Fleisher, Robert Patton Flowers, Brett Alan Foster, Annie Laurie Freeman, Mark O. Goodrich, Tami J. Goven, Nancy McCauley Graham, Whitney Whelan Greene, Scott David Guthrie, Sheldon Franklin Hall, III, Abby M. Hertzmark, David Edward Hollar, Michelle J. Hong, Brian Jonathan Kaminski, Gregory J. Kerman, Suleman Khawaja, Brian Richard Kulak, Angelo Kweon, Vipul Tulsi Lakhani, Chui-Shan Teresa Lam, Erin Gayle Leverentz, Sarah Elizabeth Lieber, Yiing Lin, Brian Richard Lindman, Bonnie Elizabeth Lonze, Amy B. Lorenzo, Alicia Eve Lubowski, Rebecca Ann Manfred, Chadwick Ferrel Massie, Richmond David Mathews, Paula Ruth Mazor, Mark Thompson Mazzetti, Julia Renea McCaulden, Allison Norah McCoy, Steven David McSwain, Shannon Leigh Meeks, Louise Dysart Metz, Rajiv Prasanna Panikkar, Suzie Asha Park, Lisa Elizabeth Pasquariello, Seth Joseph Persily, Allison Denise Phillips, Rachel Amanda Pottinger, Cynthia Lucia Ramirez, John Alston Riddick, Matthew Robert Ritchey, Richard David Robinson, Jr., Frederick Clapp Roediger, Michael Russell Rouland, Jeremy Thomas Salmon, David Moran Schleupner, Robert William Schloss, Jr., Robert Richard Schneck, Christian A. Schwartz, Matthew Jay Schweitz, Krista Marie Shaffer, Kelly Anne Shaw, Toru Shimada, Laurie Michelle Sickman, Logan Daniel Smith, Heejung Heidi Son, Sharon H. Spaeth, Rebecca Colleen Stacy, Katherine Griffith Suiter, Jessica R. Sylvester, Lindsey Marie Tyler, Troy Gaylon Wood, Kamie Kai-li Yang, Paul Lionel Yanosy, Jr., Evan Ross Zullo

Spring Initiates

Carrie Faye Apfel, Alfredo L. Arraut, Jr., Sarah Rachel Boonin, Murray Clifton Briggs, III, Jessica Sarah Budnitz, Diane Bui, Jordan Wyatt Burton, Robert D. Carroll, David Marshall Cash, Janna Chaitin, Ivan Hung Kay Cheung, Allison Leah Cole, James Robert Costello, Emily Suzanne Faville, Nicole Georgi, Daniel Adam Godrick, Paige J. Greenfield, Tara Leigh Grove, Ida Hoghooghi, Vinish Jain, Carol Irene Kaplan, Yasmin Kok, Roxanne Nicloe Landesman, Thomas Matthew Large, Philip Lee, Eric T. Levy, Erica Denise Longfellow, Ryan S. Messmore, Kerry Anne Murray, Robert E. Ostendorf, Monique Renee Payne, Nina Francesca Raba, Alex Wade Richert, Megan Susan Rose, Stephanie Blair Sachs, Sujal Jayendra Shah, Erin Leigh Spiotta, Jeremy White Stamelman, Jennifer Jaye Steen, Garrick Colin Stewart, Catherine Grace Tarbox, Richard Craig Tarlowe, Tung Thanh Tran, James Patrick Vere, Susan Elizabeth Wood, Eric Yu-Hsuan Yeh

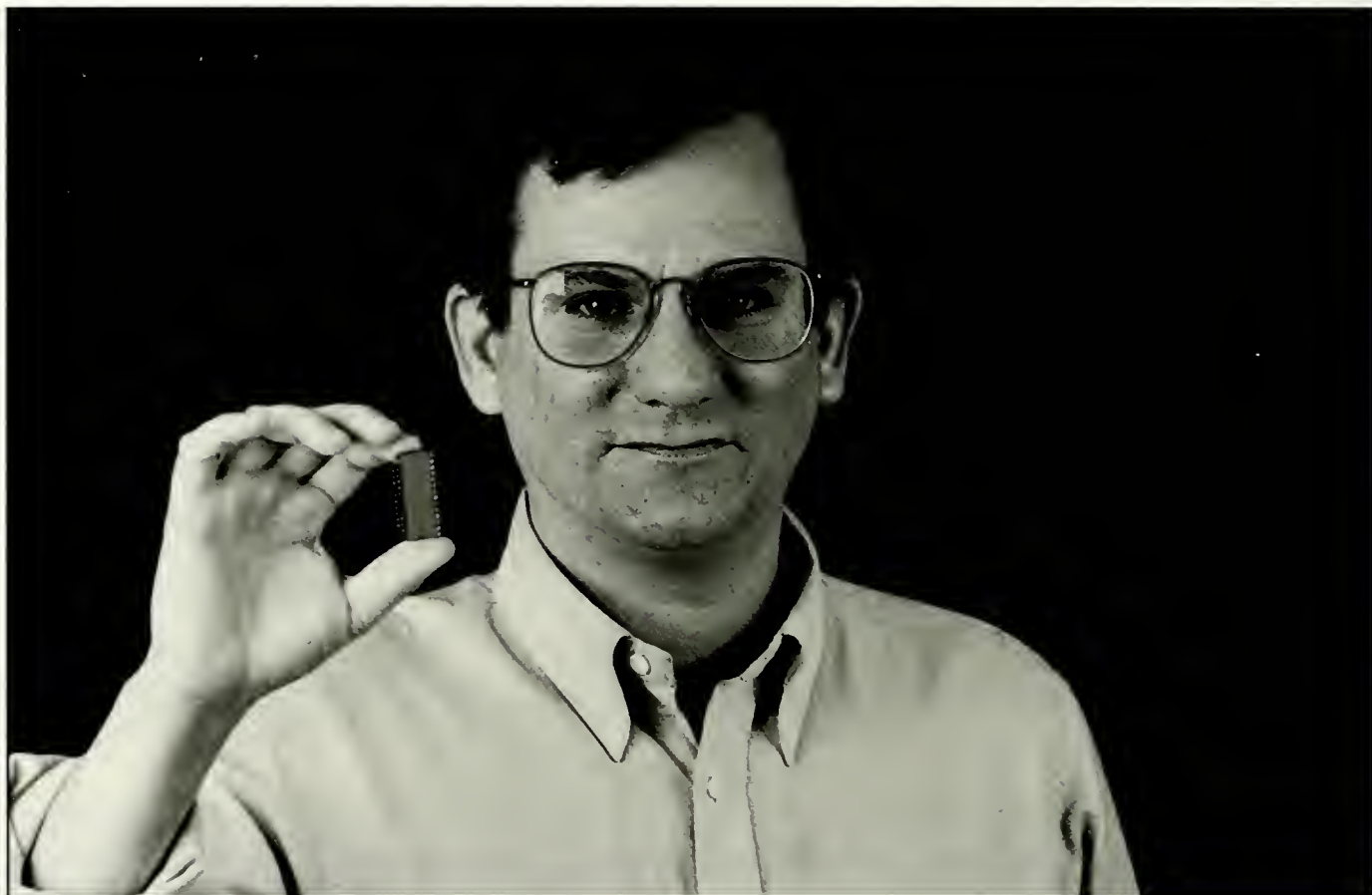




Beaufort







Gary Ybarra
Assistant Research Professor
Electrical Engineering

"Undergraduates are piranhas. I LIKE piranhas."



Deborah Pope
Associate Professor
Department of English

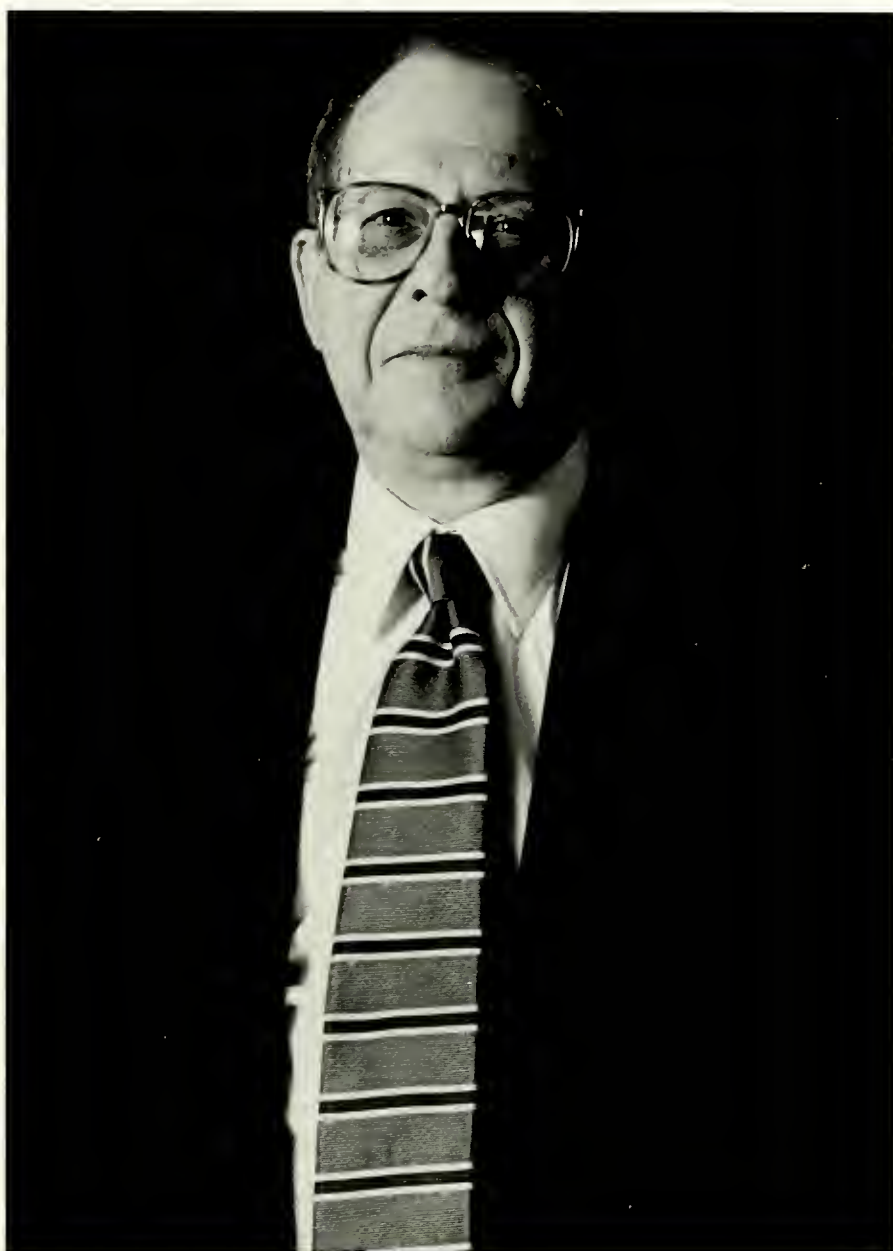
"The task of life is exchanging an unconscious myth for a conscious autobiography."



Xiaoying Dong
Instructor
Department of Mathematics

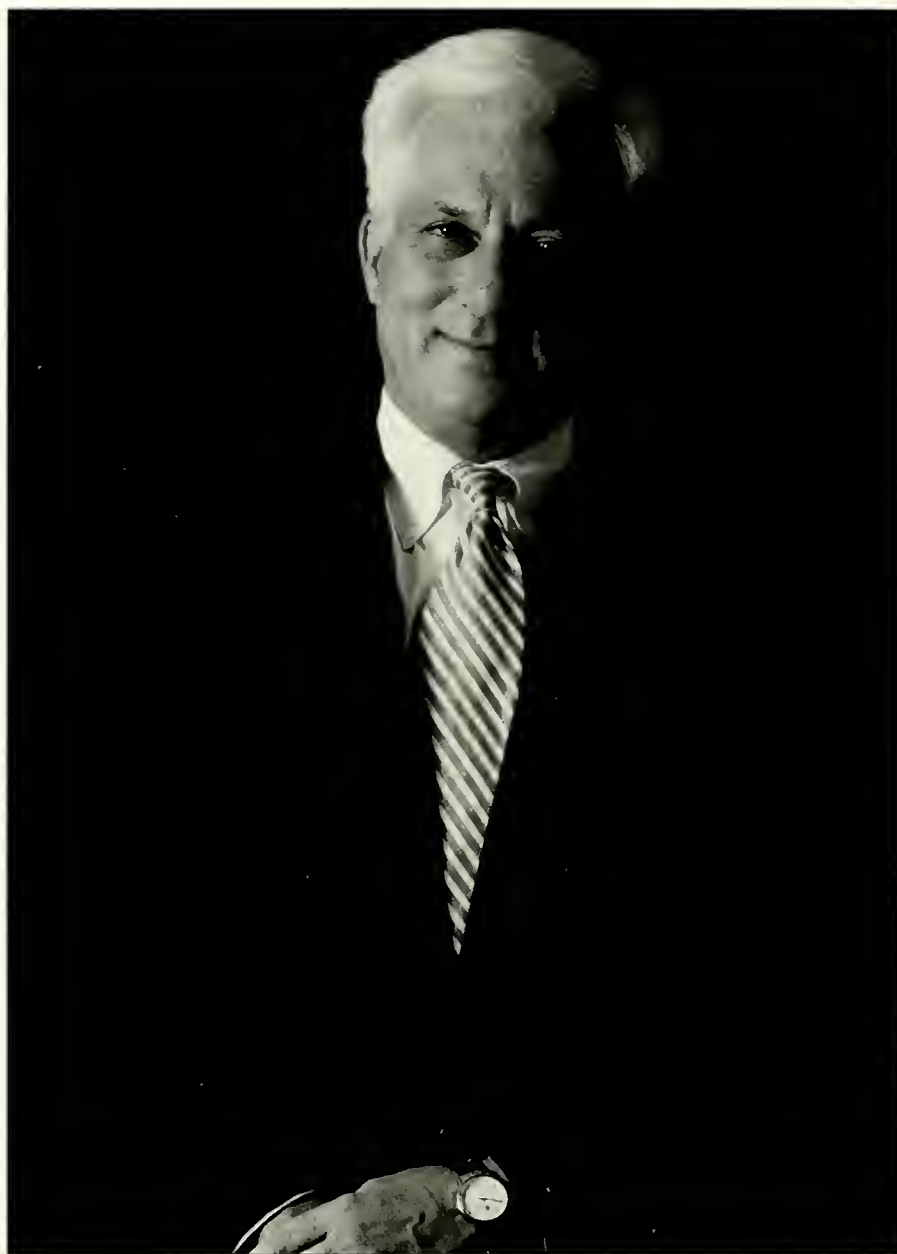
"Tell the truth, but tell it slant."

Emily Dickinson



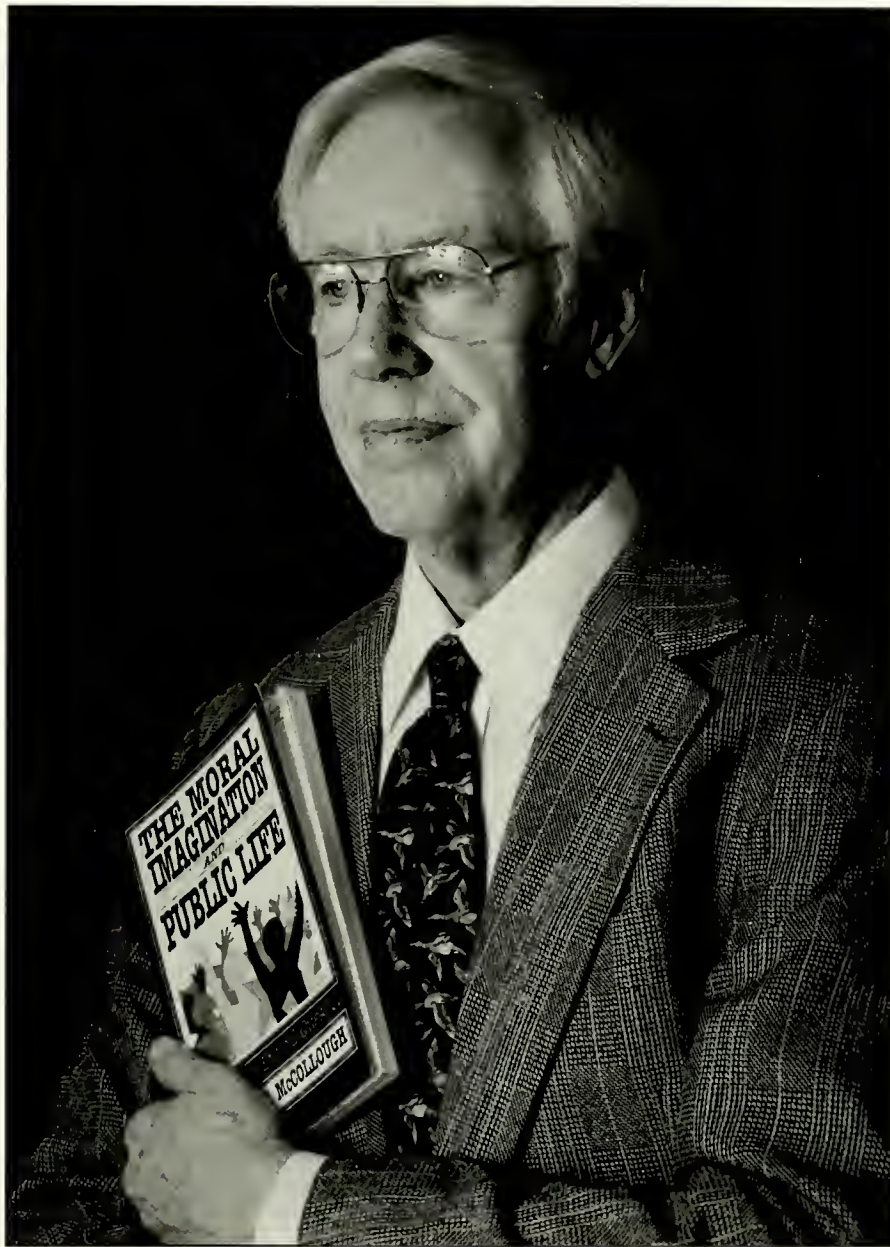
Gerald Wilson

Senior Associate Dean
Trinity College of Arts and Sciences
Adjunct Associate Professor
Department of History



Tony Brown
Professor of the Practice
Public Policy Studies

“Teaching Duke Students is the most thrilling thing that
I have ever done in my life.”



Thomas McCollough

Associate Professor
Department of Religion

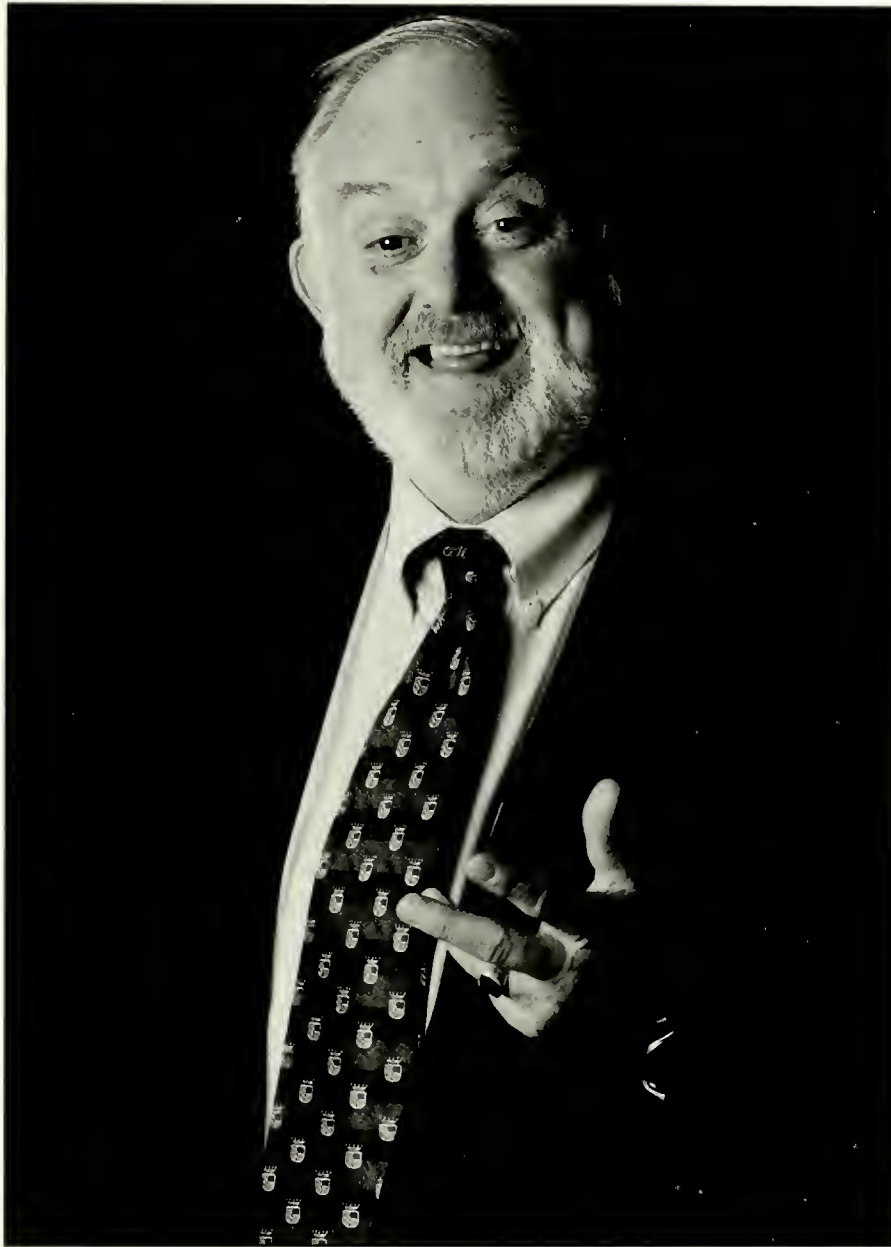
"And [the Lord] answered and said to me...
'For just as you have not forgotten the people who
now are, and those who have passed away, so I re-
member those who are to come.'"

-2 Baruch 23:3



Connie Simmons
Student Affairs Coordinator
School of Engineering

"The heart is the happiest when it beats for others and those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."



Albert Eldridge

Associate Professor

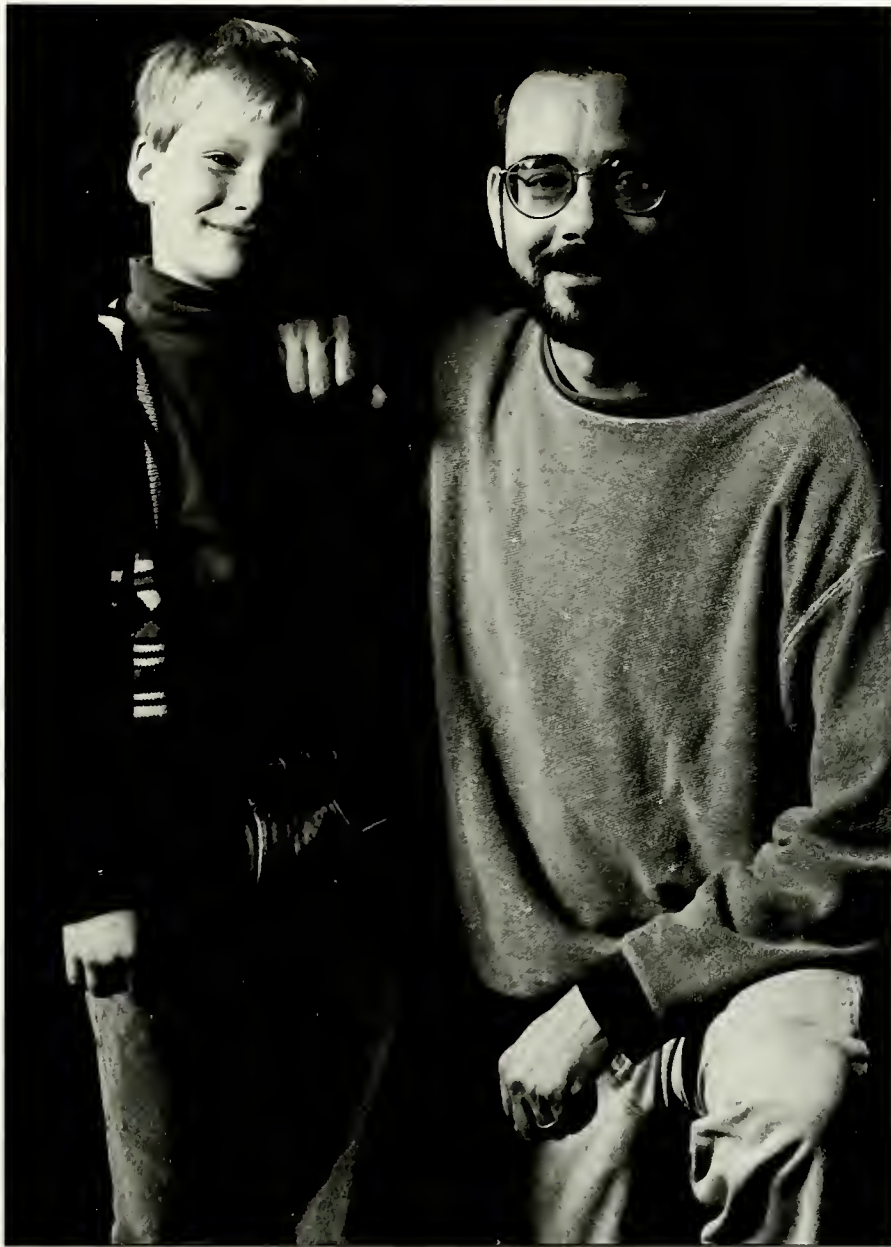
Department of Political Science

Director

Center for Teaching and Learning



Cynthia Kuhn
Professor
Department of Pharmacology



Thomas Ferraro with Tony Ferraro

Associate Professor
Department of English

"If you do not wish my friendship, so be it. But I must tell you that the climate in this city is damp; unhealthy for Neapolitans, and you are advised never to visit it."

Don Vito to Al Capone



Martin Pring
Supervisor
Chemistry Stockroom



Annabel Wharton

Professor
Department of Art



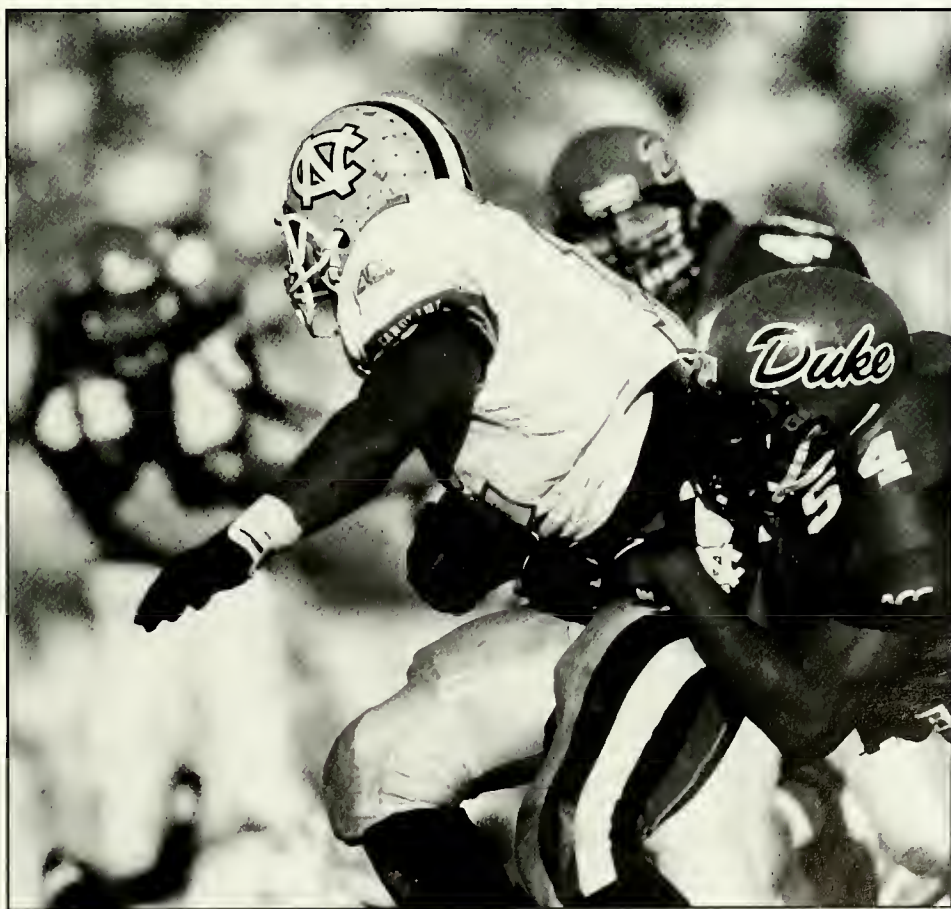
sports

Football









Women's Soccer



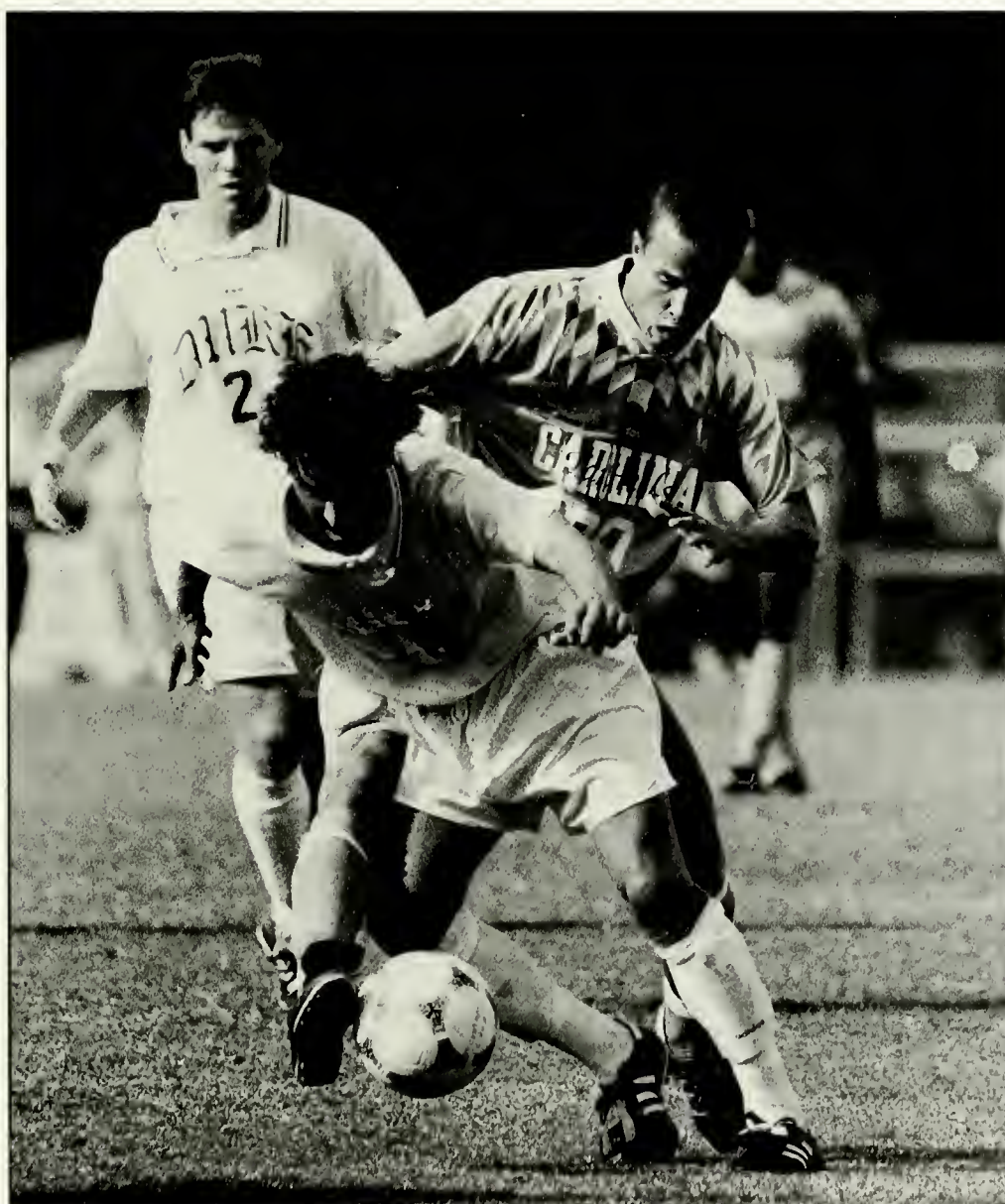




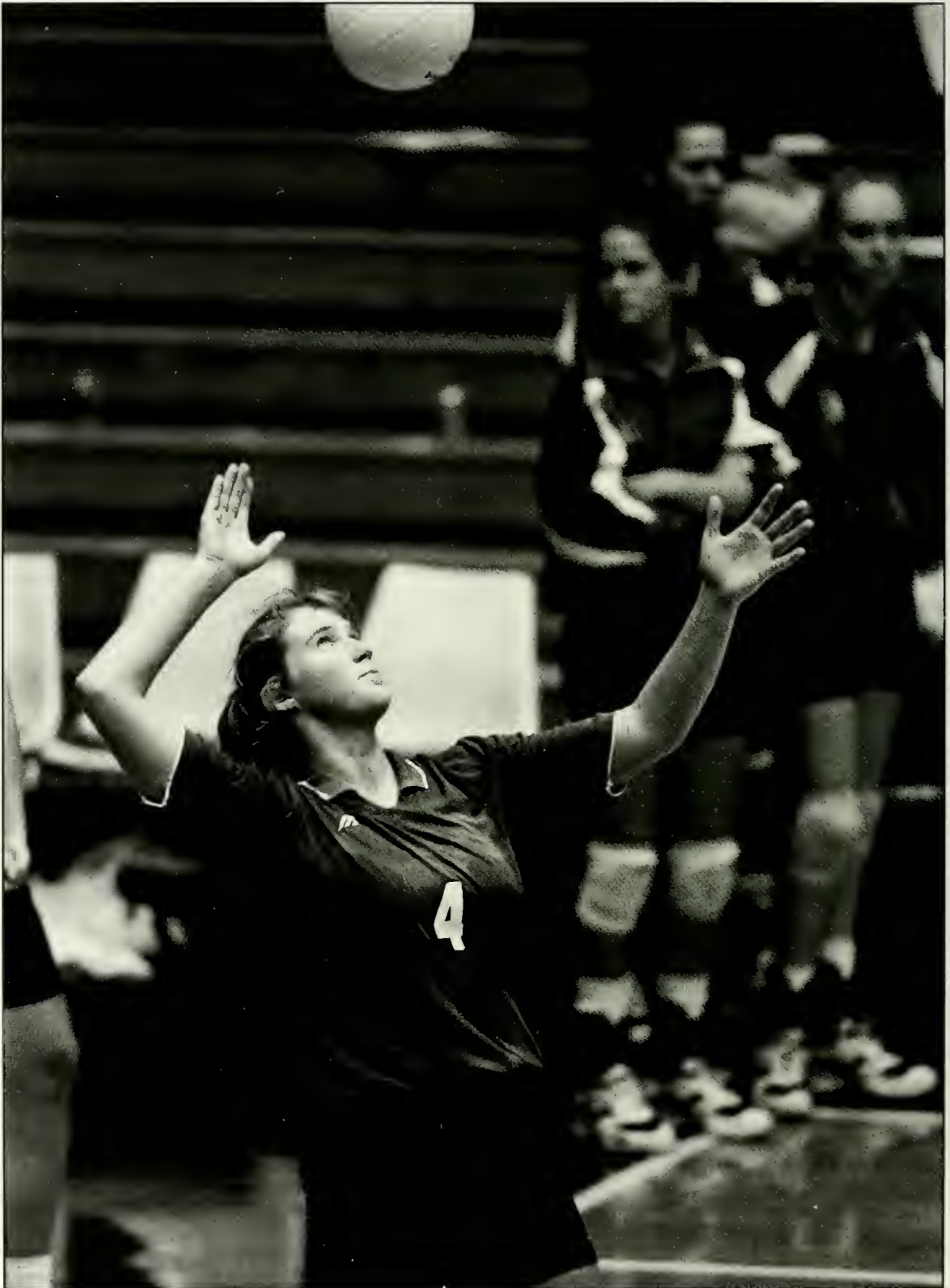
Men's Soccer

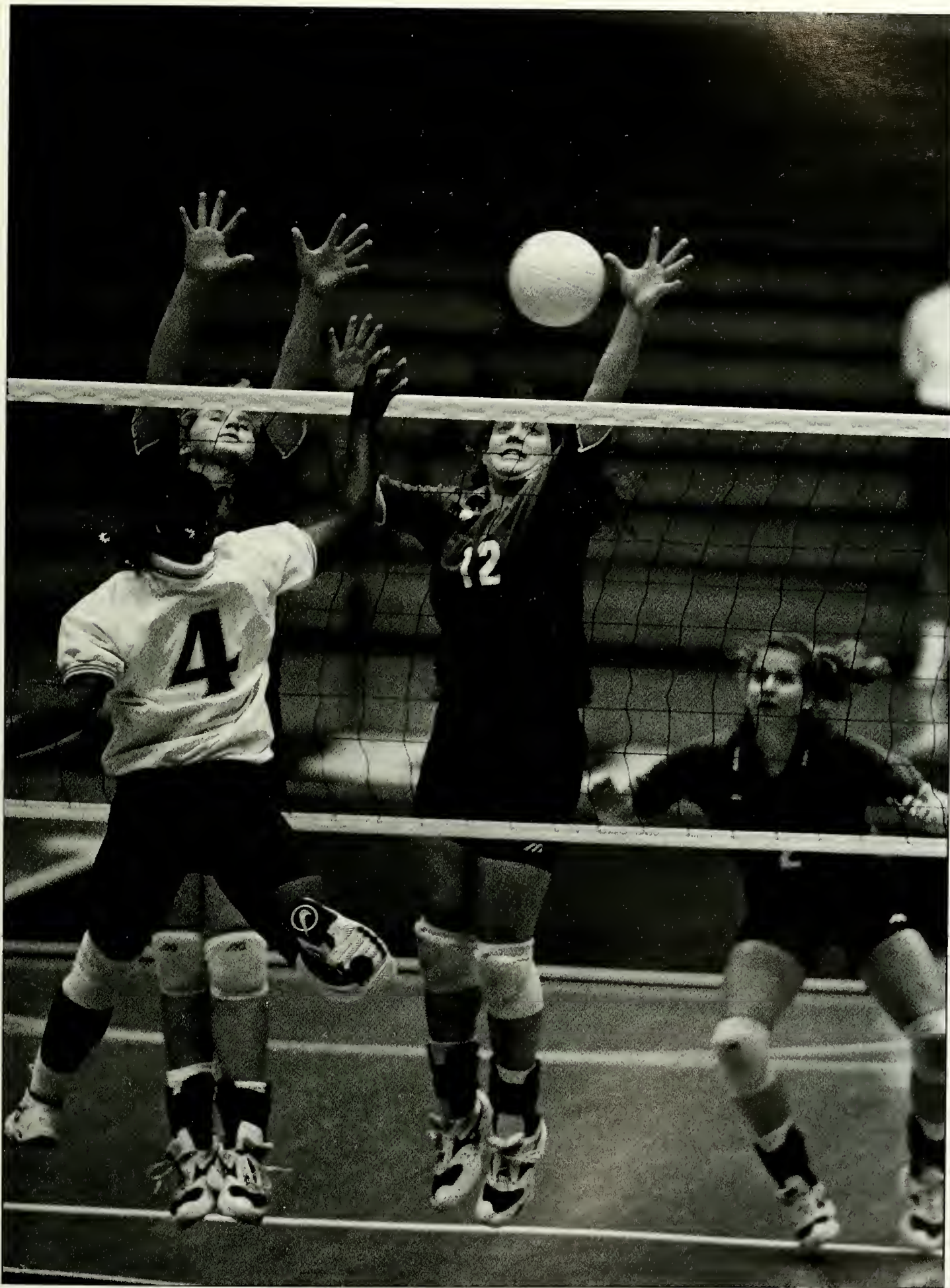






Volleyball





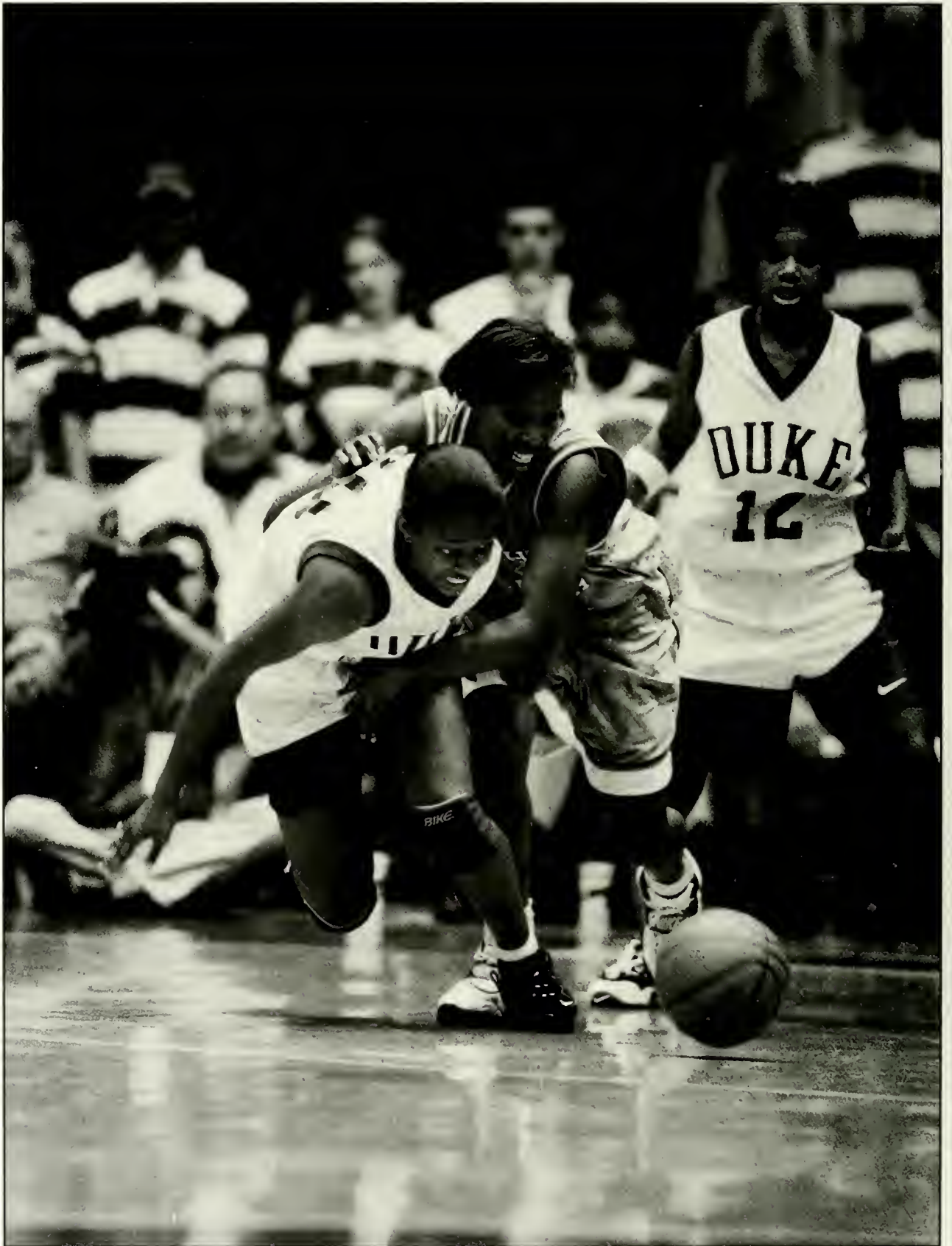
Field Hockey



Wrestling



Women's Basketball





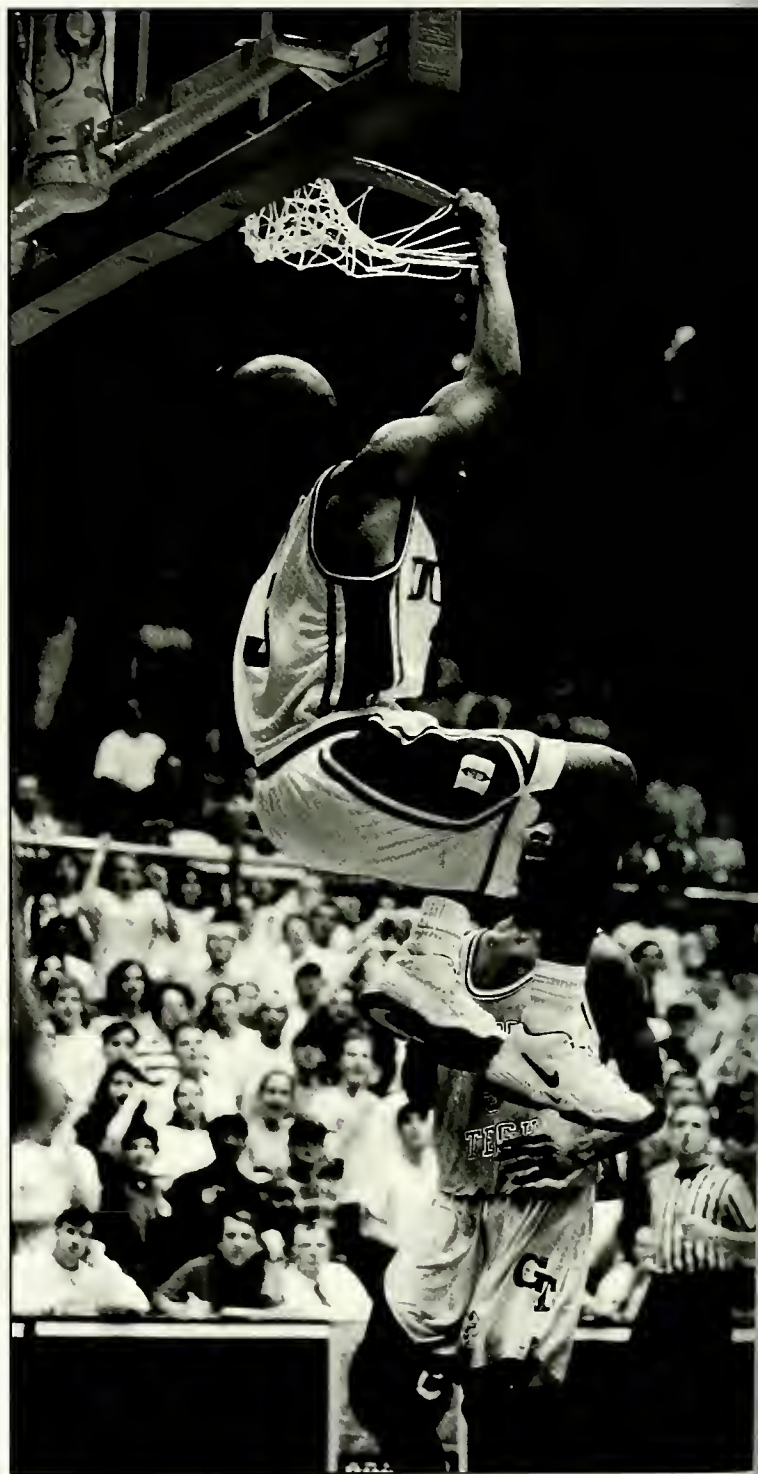
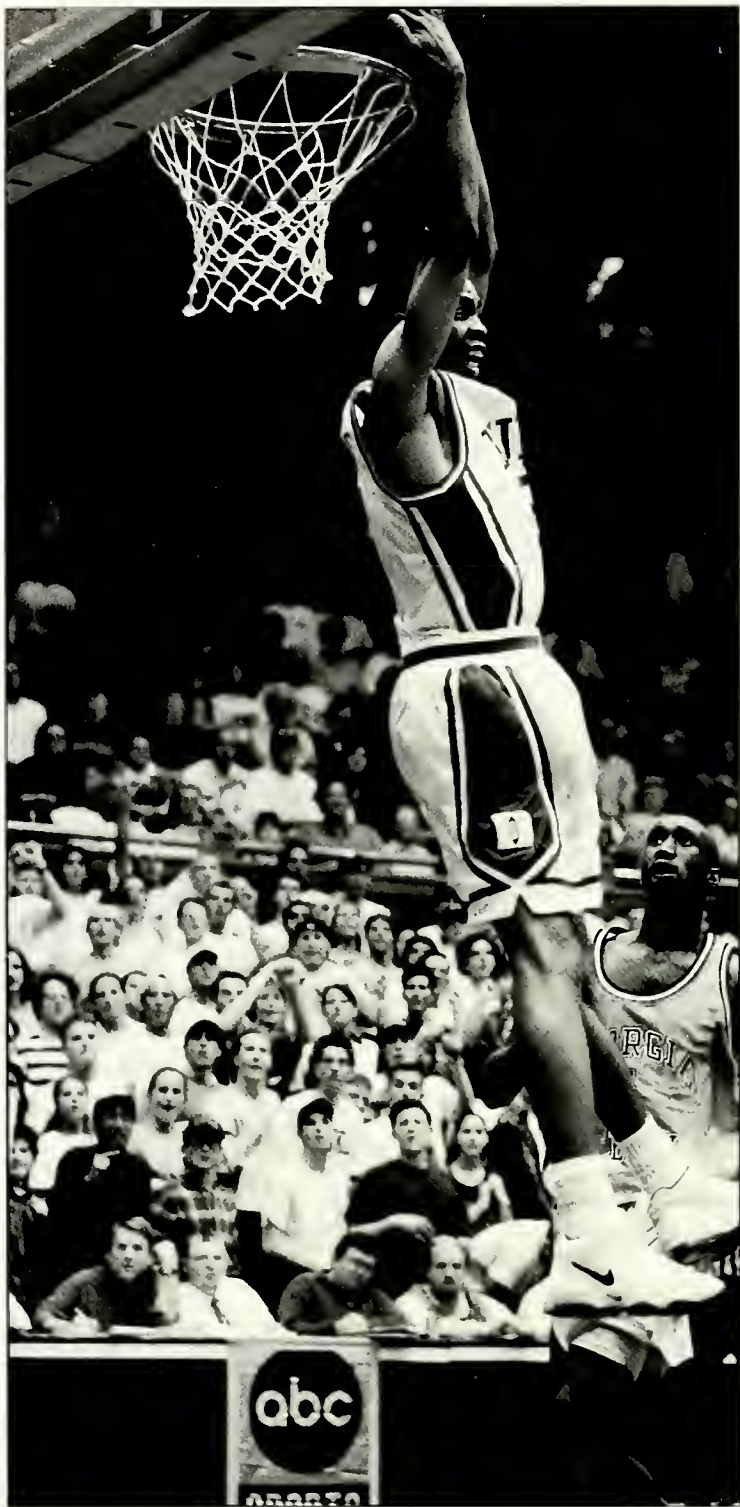


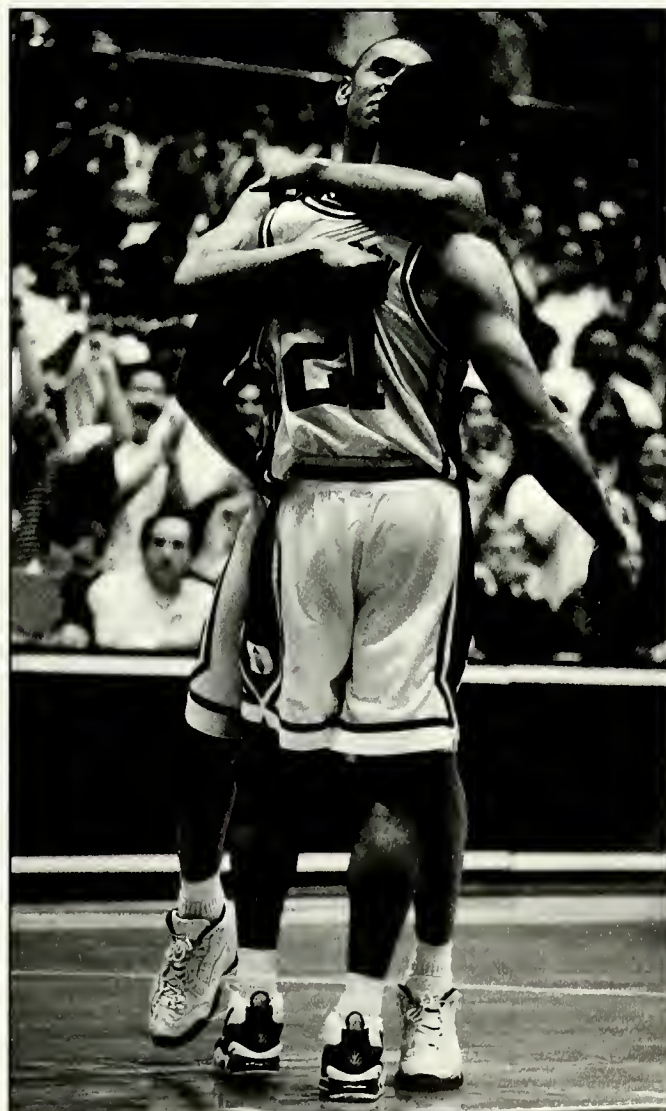




Men's Basketball

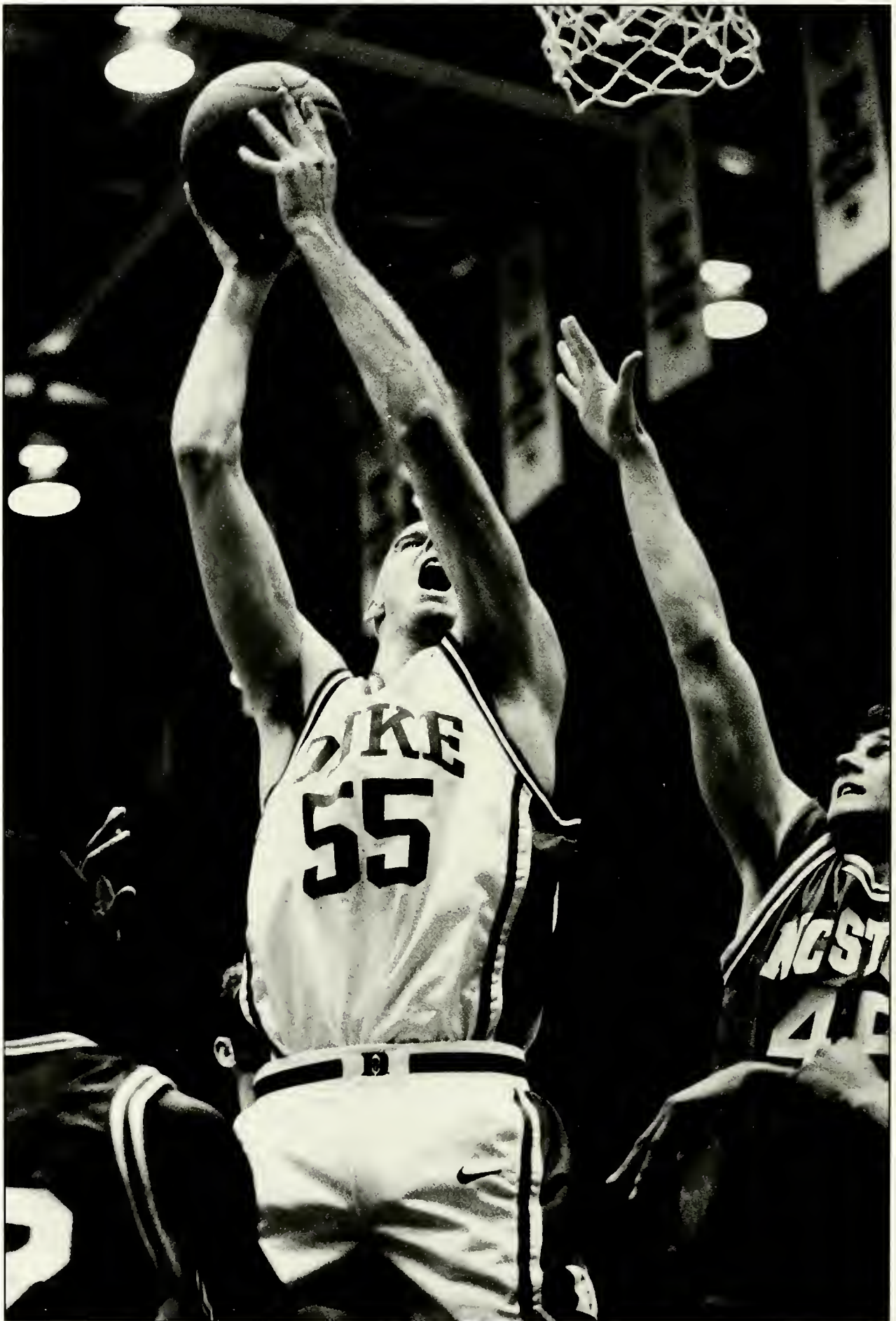




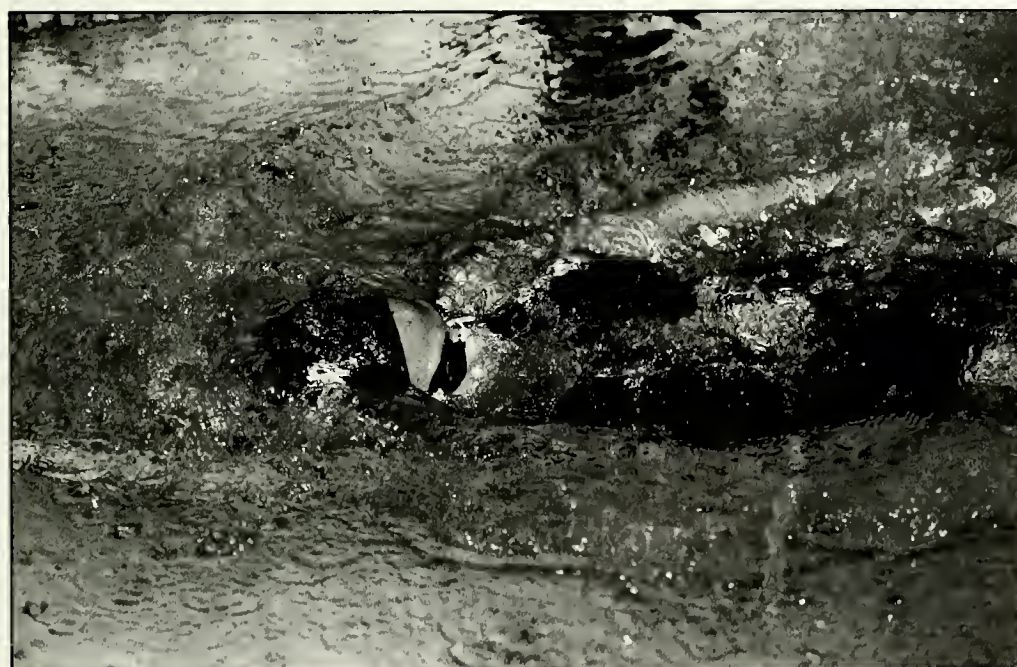








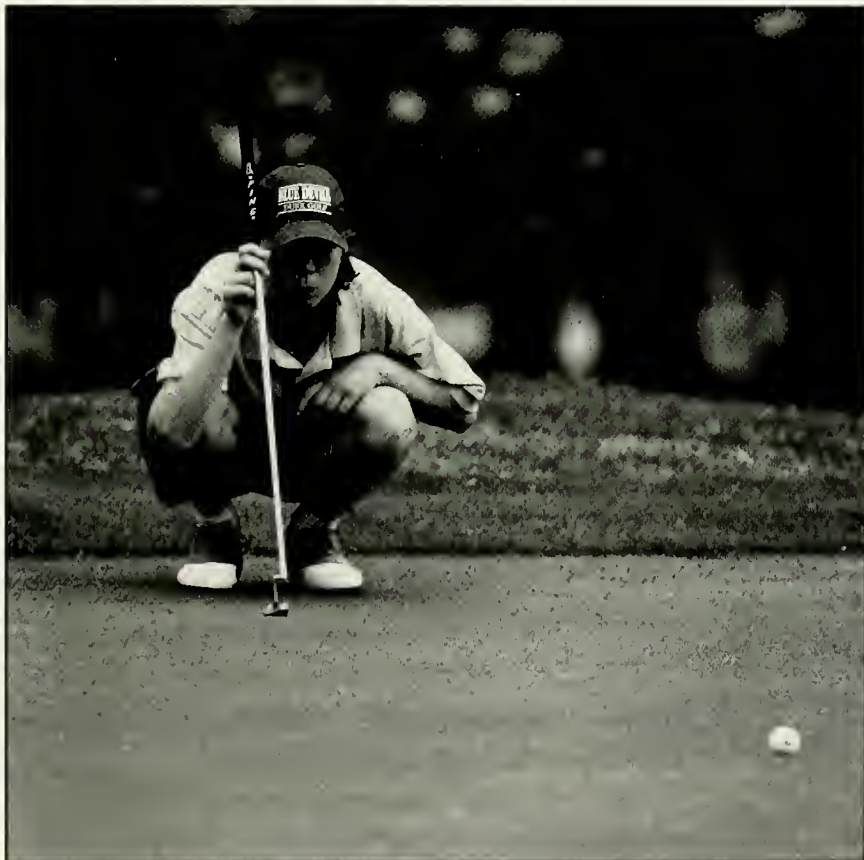
Swimming



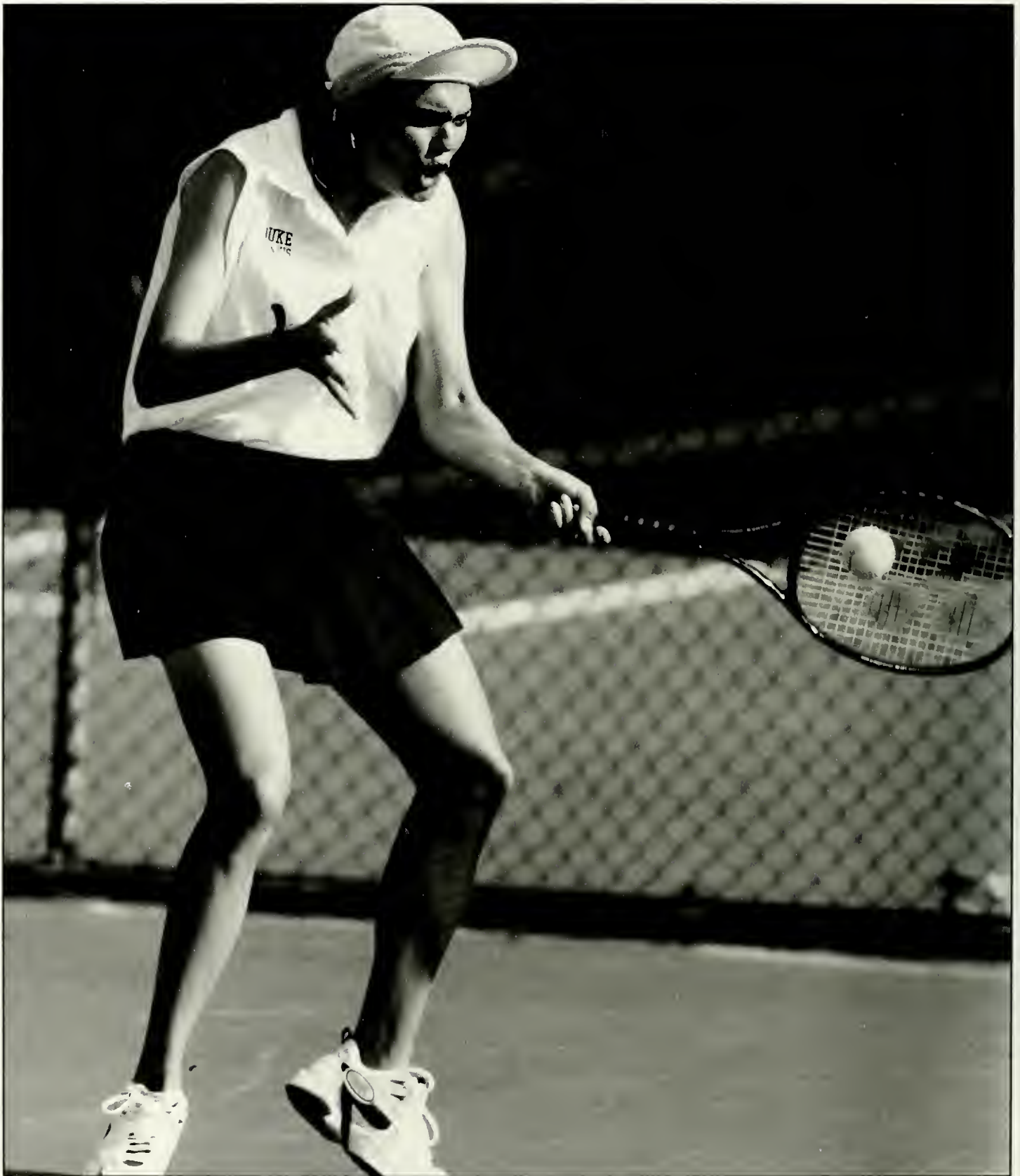


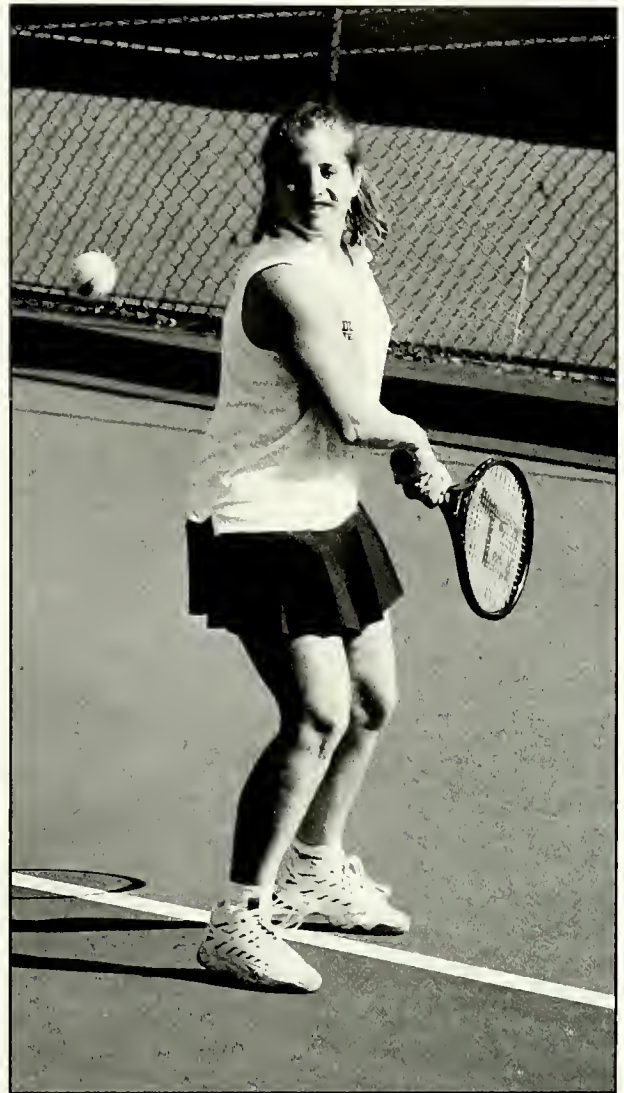
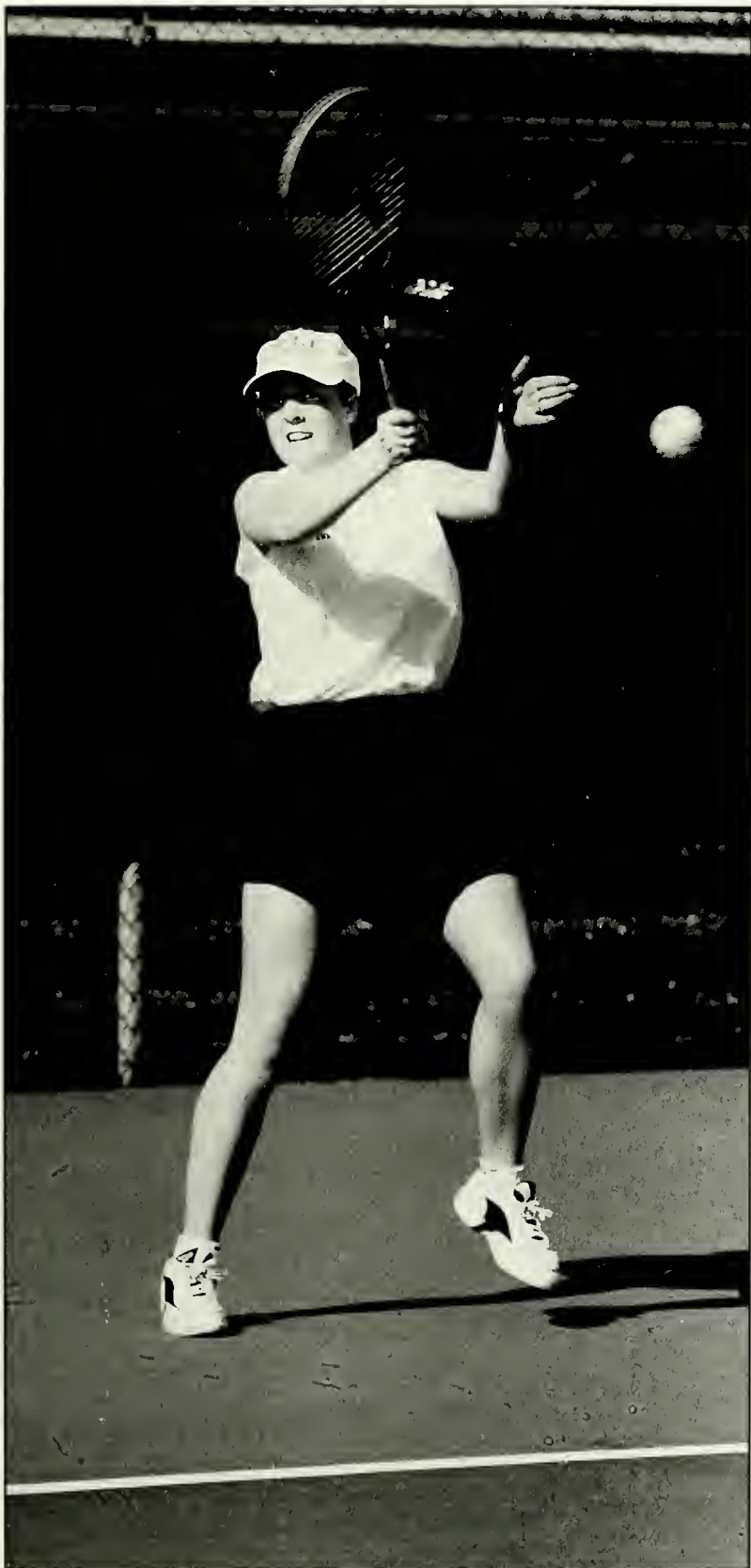
Golf

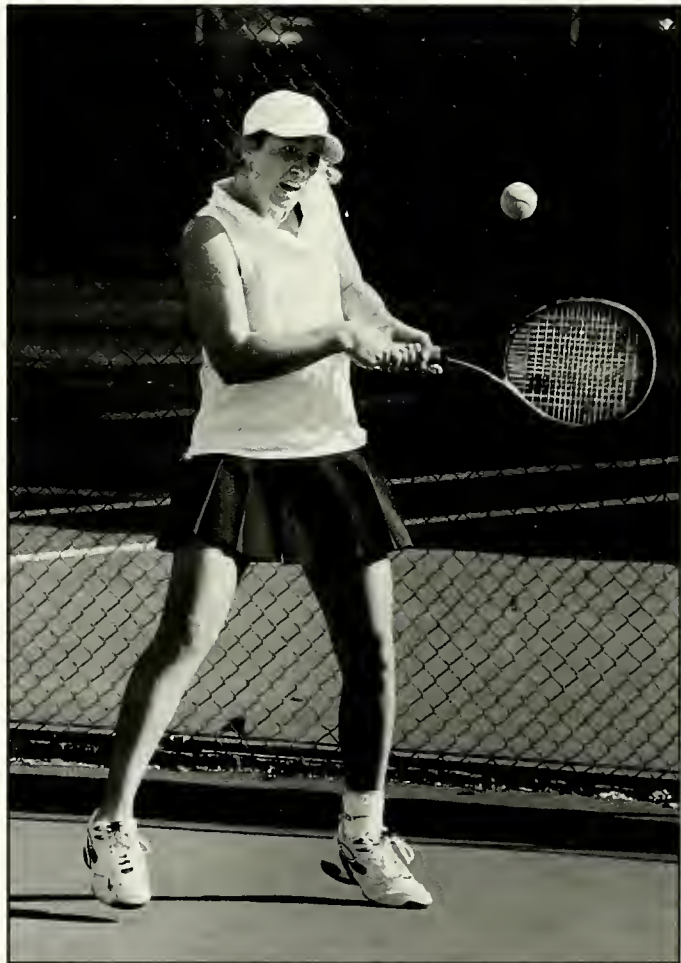




Women's Tennis



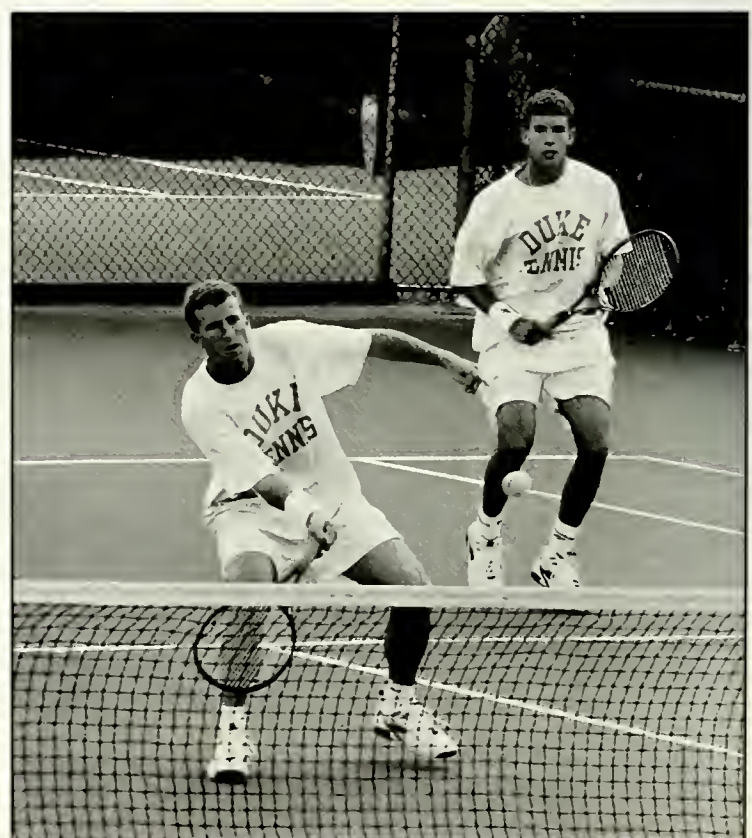
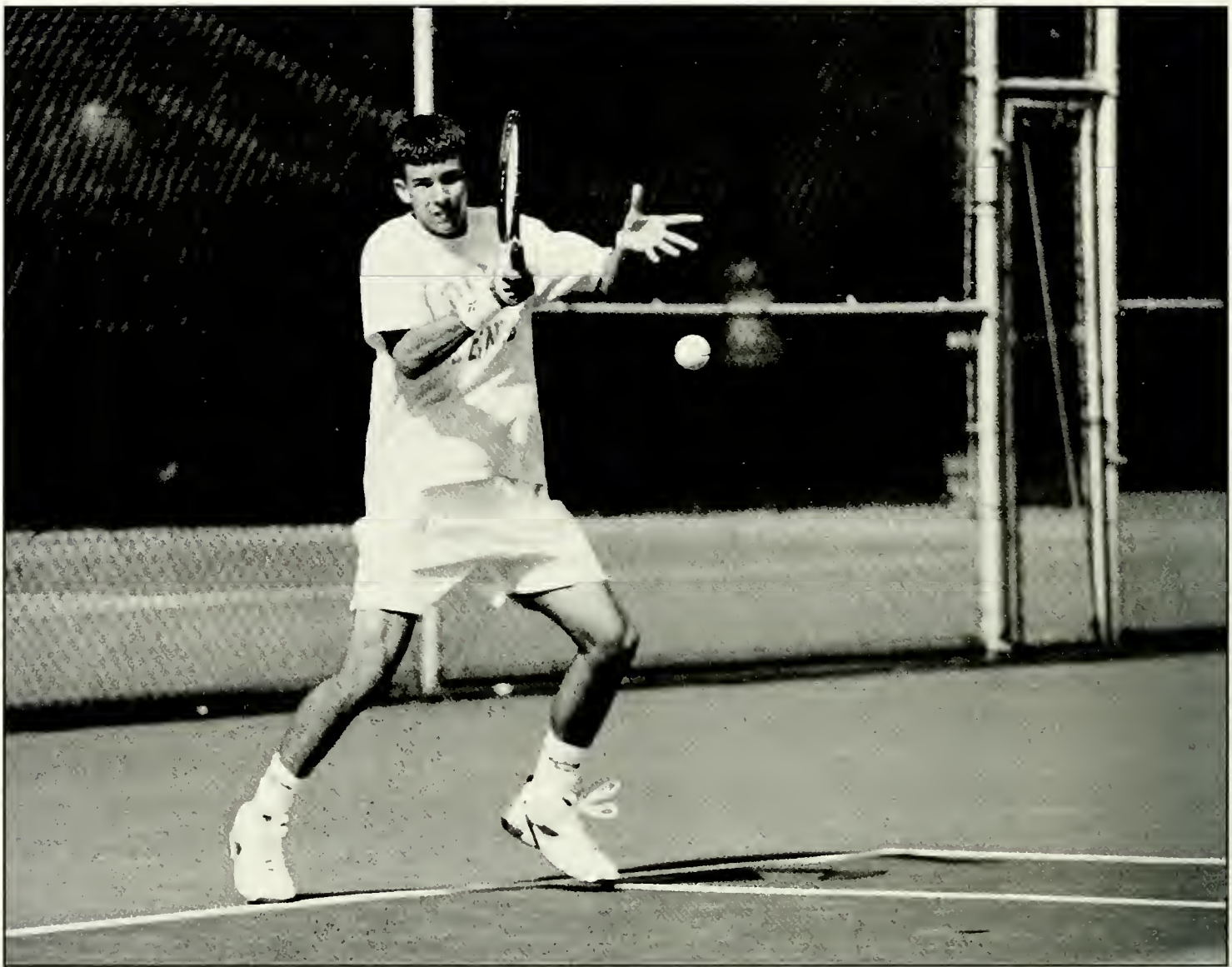






Men's Tennis

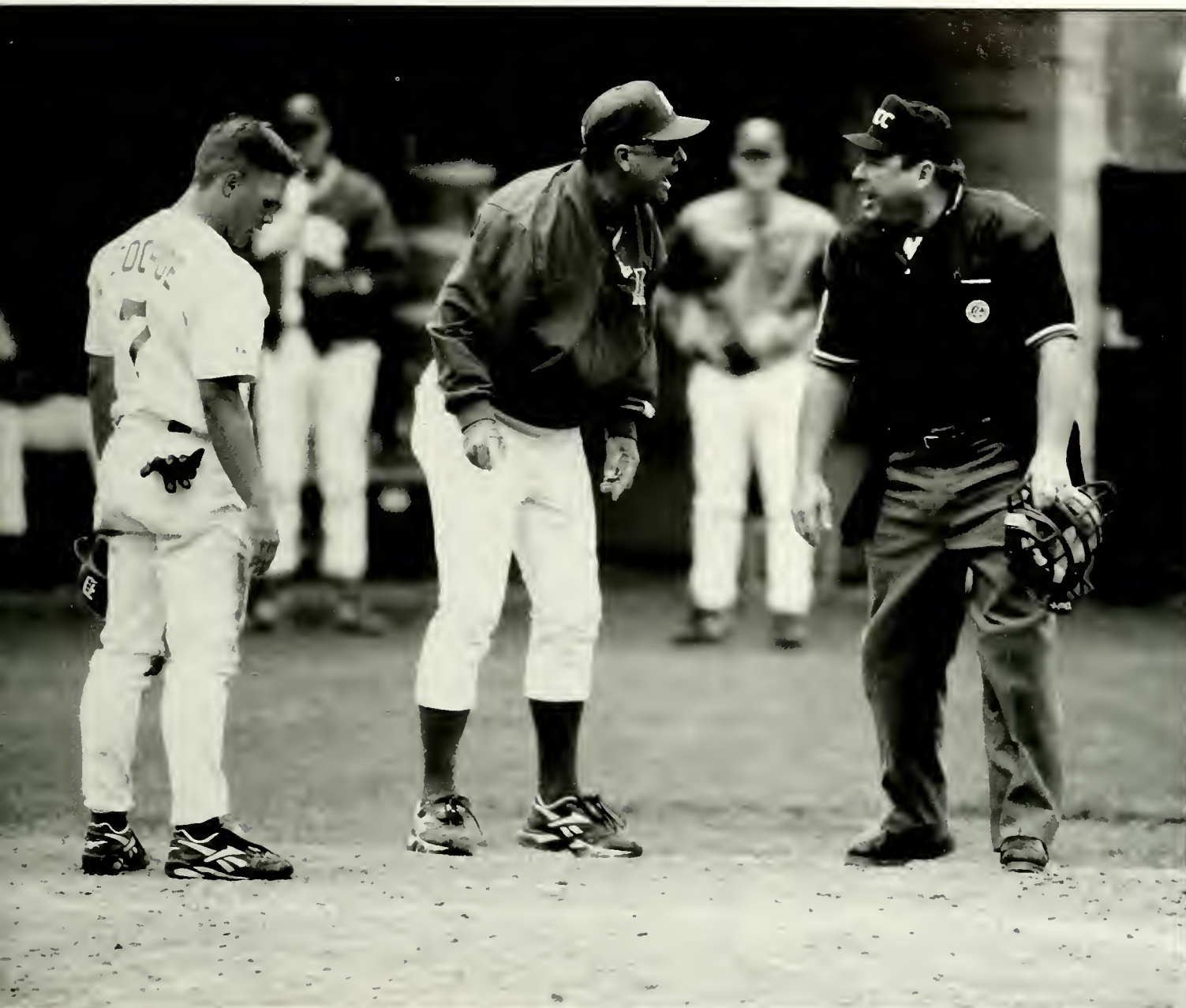






Baseball





Track and Field

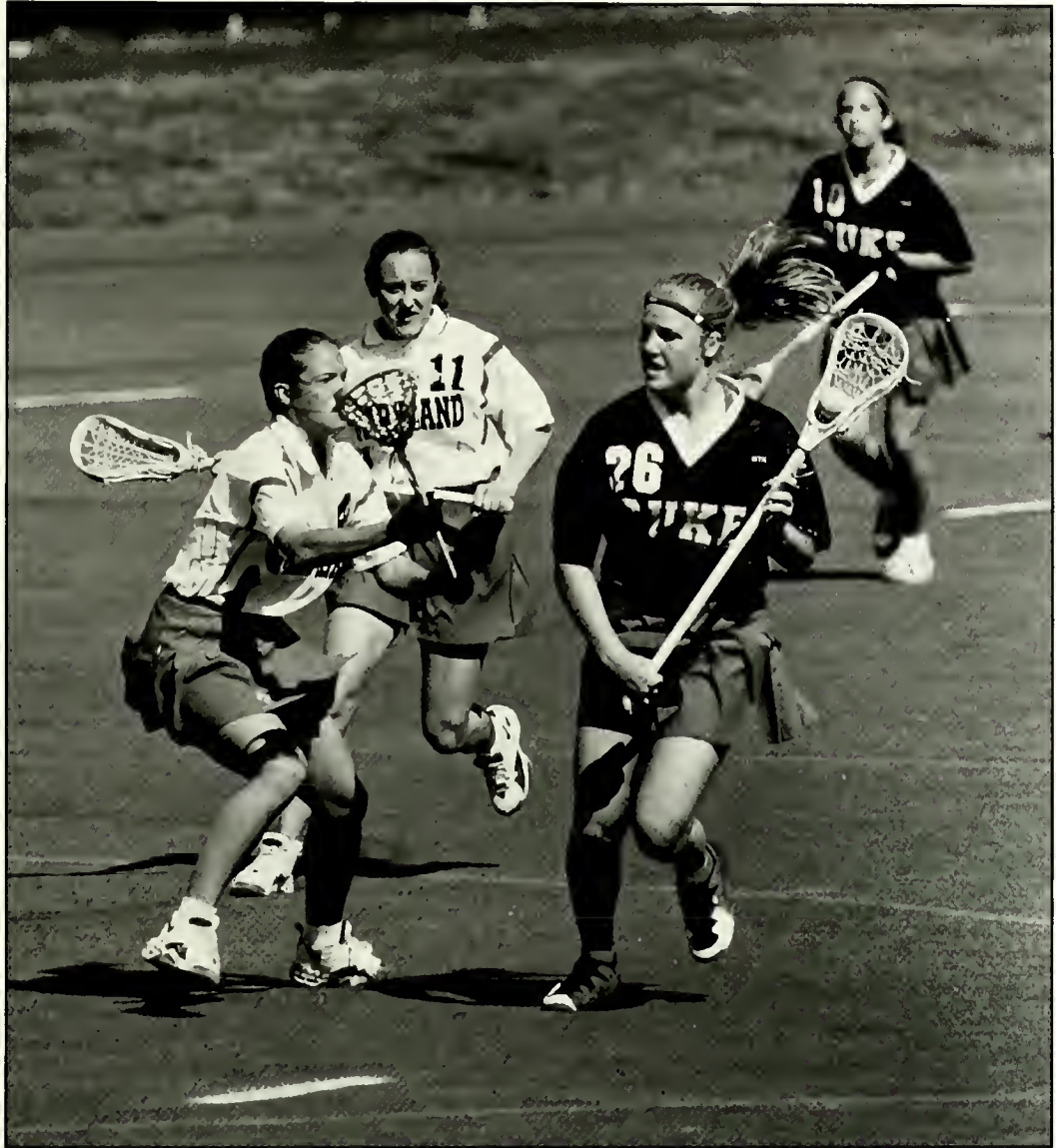






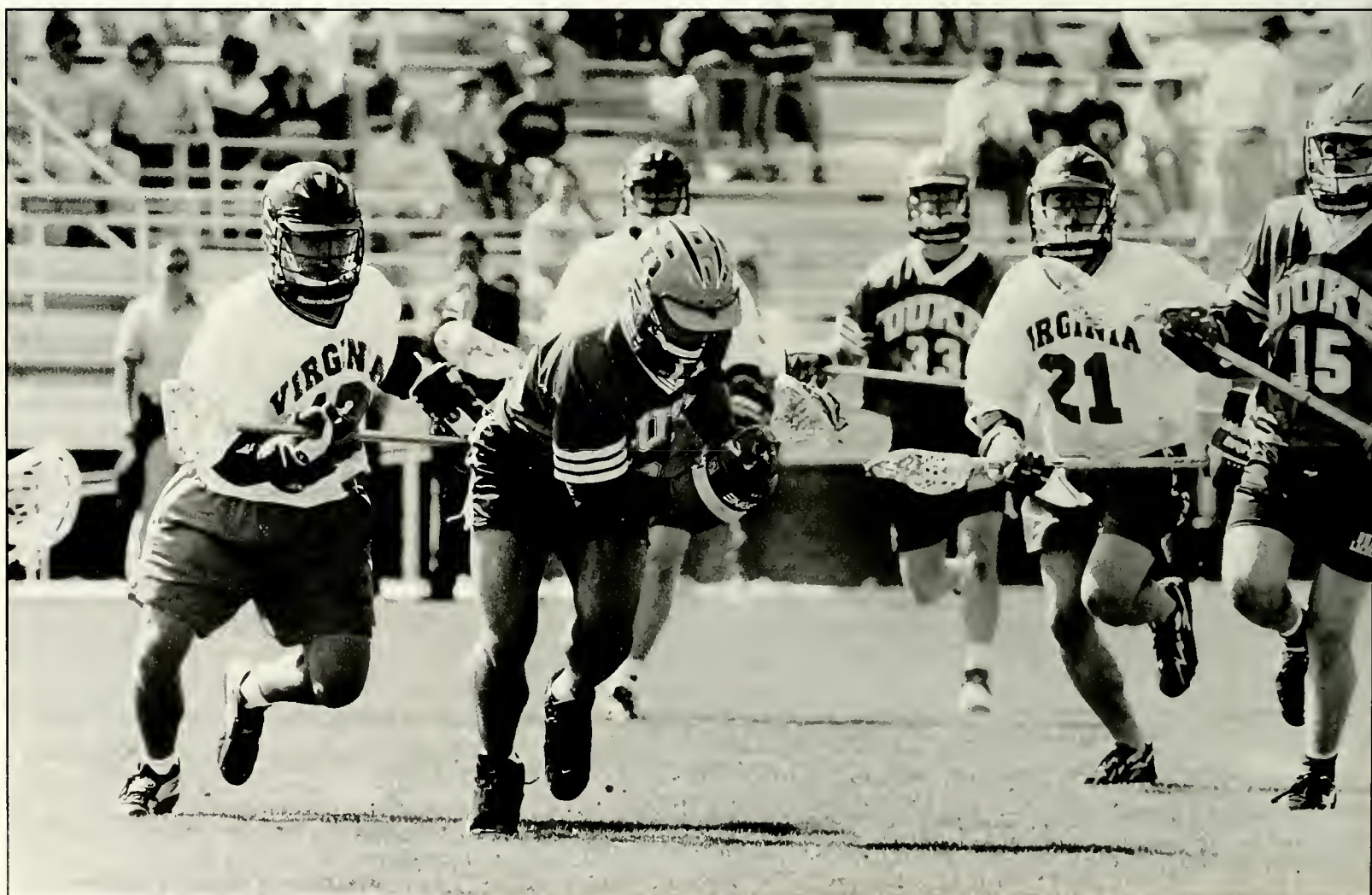
Fencing





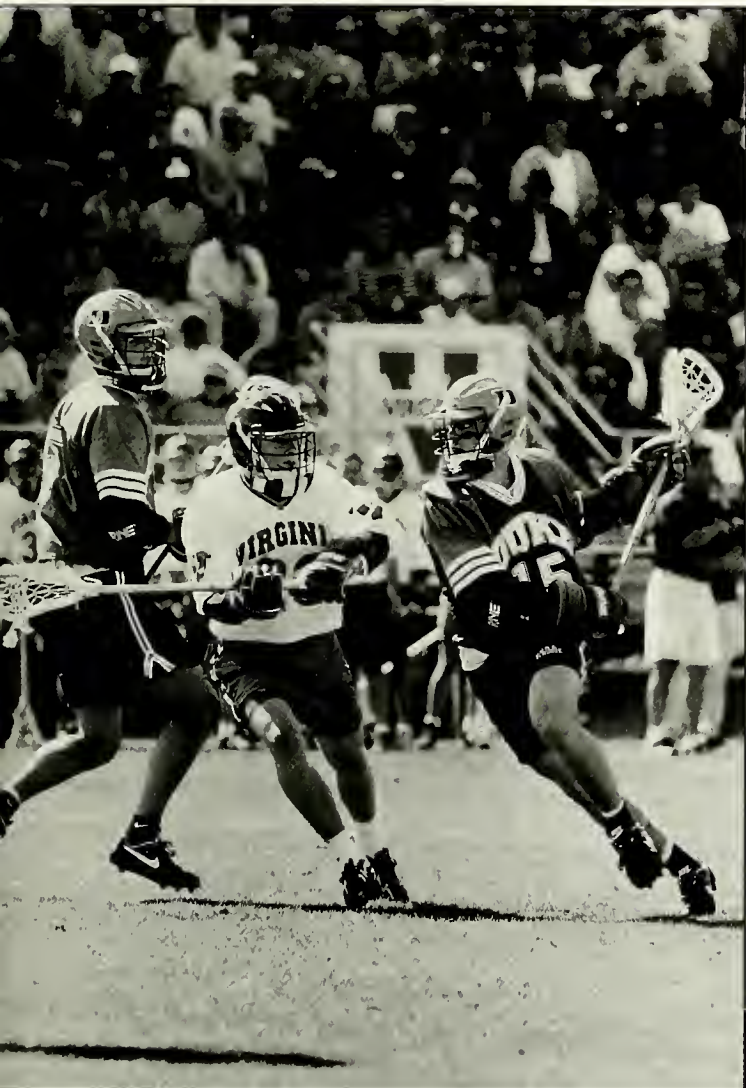
Women's Lacrosse

Men's Lacrosse









records

FOOTBALL

Overall: 0-11

ACC: 0-8

MEN'S SOCCER

Overall: 12-7

ACC: 3-3

WOMEN'S SOCCER

Overall: 10-10-3

ACC: 3-3-1

FIELD HOCKEY

Overall: 12-10

ACC: 3-5

VOLLEYBALL

Overall: 15-12

ACC: 10-6

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Overall: 24-9

ACC: 12-4

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Overall: 19-11

ACC: 9-7

MEN'S SWIMMING

Overall: 2-7

ACC: 1-3

WOMEN'S SWIMMING

Overall: 3-5

ACC: 0-3

WRESTLING

Overall: 6-5

ACC: 1-3

MEN'S FENCING

Overall: 3-3

WOMEN'S FENCING

Overall: 2-4

MEN'S TENNIS

Overall: 22-8

ACC: 8-0

WOMEN'S TENNIS

Overall: 24-4

ACC: 8-0

- competed in NCAA Final Four

MEN'S LACROSSE

Overall: 12-3

ACC: 3-2

- competed in NCAA Final Four

WOMEN'S LACROSSE

Overall: 8-8

ACC: 0-3

TRACK AND FIELD

School Records: Yvonne Ayew, Kim Hay, Kirsten Johnson, Jeanie Minton, Stephanie Thomas, Kim Voyticky, Fay Wells

MEN'S GOLF

ACC Championship: 6th

WOMEN'S GOLF

ACC Championship: 1st



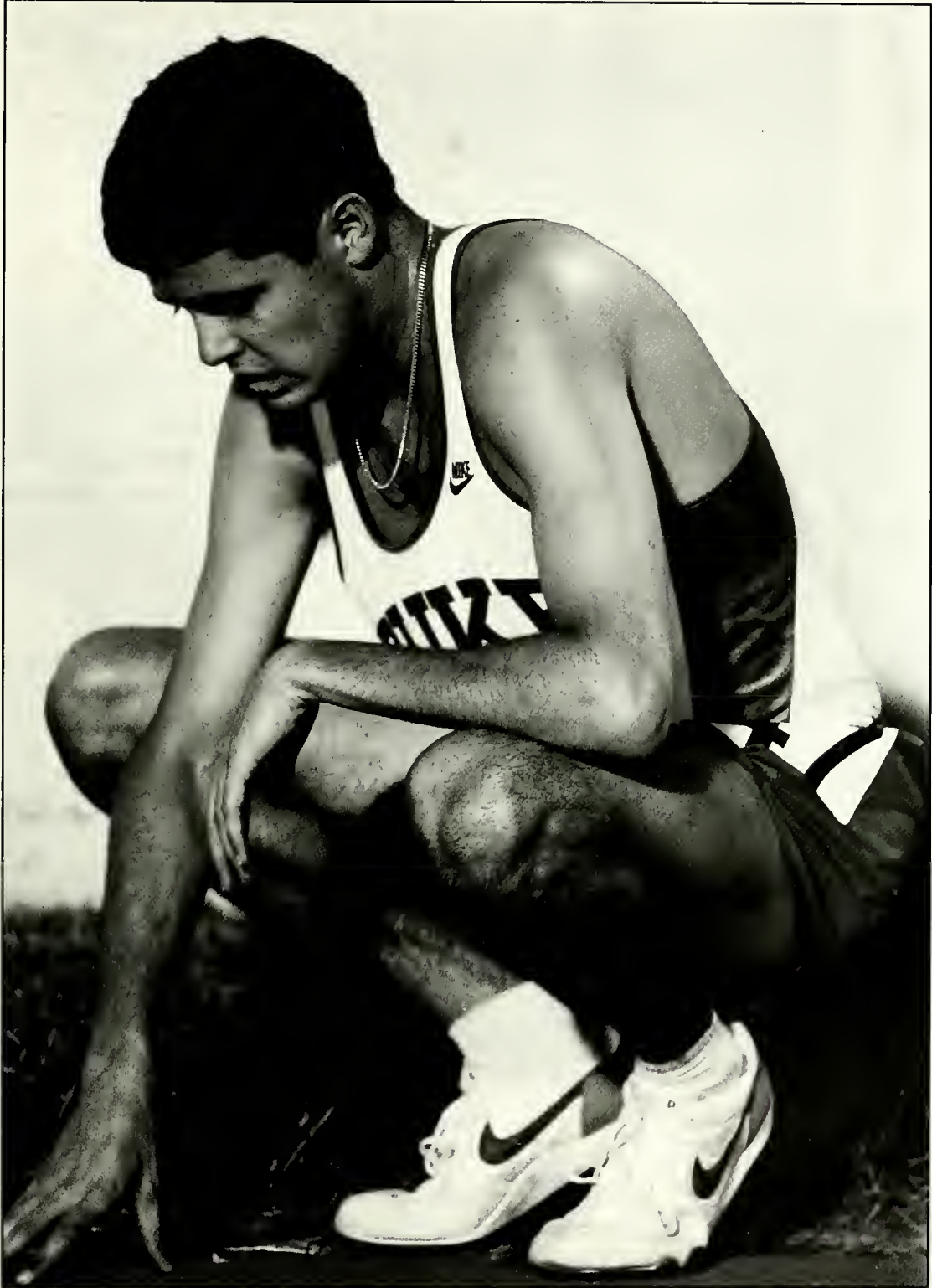
Duke University, to those outside the realm the Gothic Wonderland, is most well known for its basketball team over anything else. Forget that Duke is ranked the fourth best school in the country, the only rankings that seems to matter to most are the one in the AP Polls every week. Although this situation may seem ridiculous and even sad, sports at Duke has an enormous influence on undergraduate lives, as well as how the rest of the world views our university.

Sports was one of the major reasons I came to Duke. And no, I am not a varsity athlete so recruiting had nothing to do with it. I first heard of Duke because of the basketball team. I remember rooting for Danny Ferry, Johny Dawkins, Christian Laettner, Bobby Hurley and Grant Hill. You know how there are certain events that you can remember where you were when it happened, like the JFK assassination and the Challenger disaster? I remember where I was when Laettner hit that game winning shot against Kentucky. I was at a friend's house with my brother. When Laettner's shot went through the hoop, we started screaming and tackling each other. It was late at night and freezing cold but after the game we went outside and shot baskets because we were so pumped up from the excitement.

So you can see, even before I arrived on campus I knew that Duke athletics would be an important part of my years here. Simply put, at Duke sports are inevitably a large part of our lifestyle. Many of us have camped out for games, and if not, have at least been affected by Krzyzewskiville. I'd like to say that I camped out all the time, and that I never missed a game, but I can't. I quickly realized that waiting in line for four years is a pretty daunting task. During one of my visits to Krzyzewskiville I decided I would find a way, by the time I graduated, to get into the games without waiting in line. I had quit playing the clarinet after fourth grade so being in the band was out. I would have joined ROTC to get in with the color guard, but I'm a lover not a fighter. I decided that I would get in through the media, America's most guilt-free institution. I found my way down to the offices of Cable 13 and took over Cameron Corner, the longest running show on our illustrious television station. Through the show, not only did I save myself from having to camp out or wait in line, I had my own seat on press row. That might sound great, but you should have seen the seat: at the very end of the table, behind the baseline. Not only that, I was sitting in front of the rowdy first row fans. Although there was no waiting and I got a chair, I missed screaming at the refs from the stands and high fiving my friends on a dunk or great block. I guess that sacrifices must be made by all for the good of the team.

Our time in Cameron, as well as that spent cheering for other sports, separates Duke from the other elite schools. These other schools profess a desire for well-rounded students, while Duke actually provides those well-rounded students with a well-rounded living environment. While that might sound a little far-fetched, I remember watching a video at an "Ivy" open house. I saw two students, playing foosball and discussing a super nova. If this was their idea of "hanging out," it was not where I wanted to be. Sports at Duke, for the student-fans as well as the student-athletes, gives us more than just academics, more than just hanging out. At Duke, we get to work hard, play hard, and scream our heads off to help Duke win another game.

Steven Ross, Trinity '97

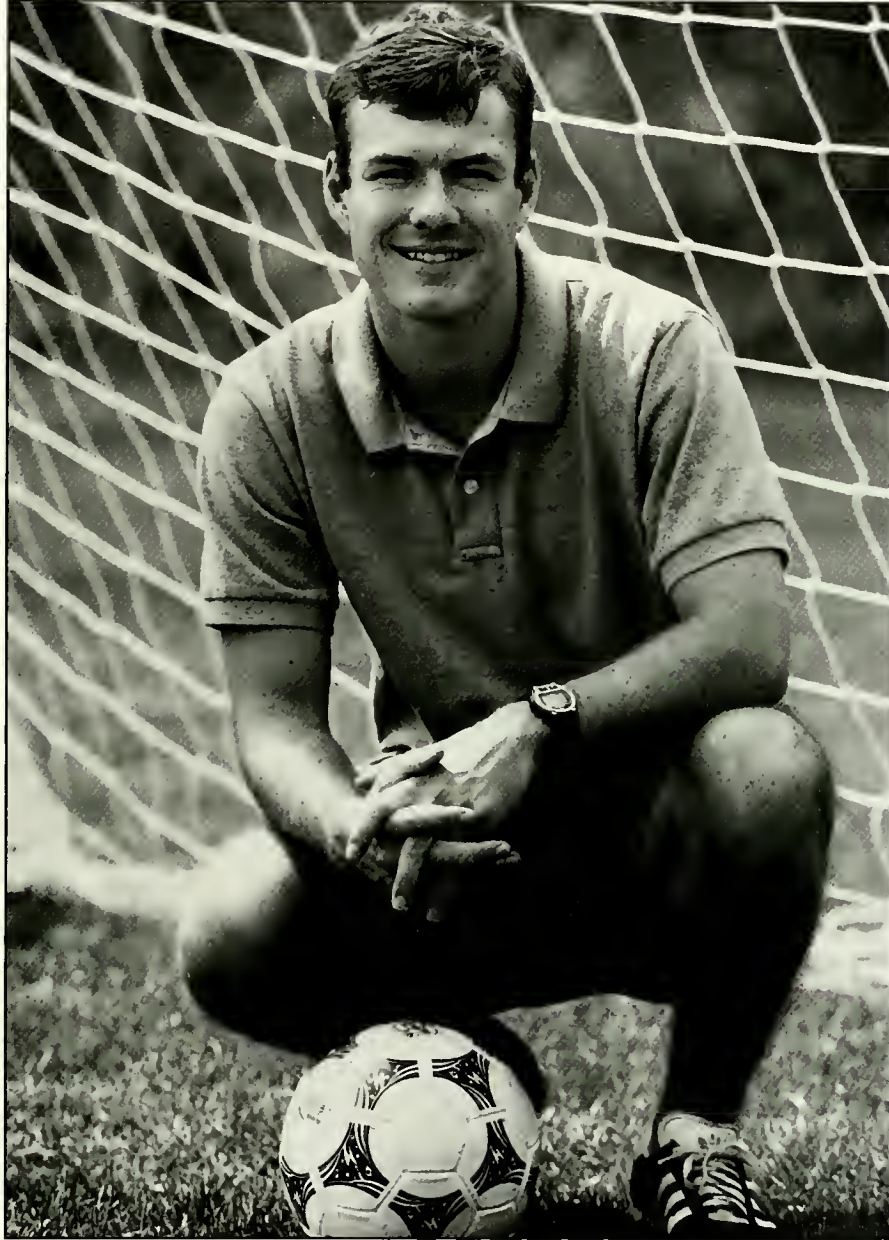




Women's Tennis Team

ACC Champions
10 consecutive years

"Excellence is achieved. It is not stumbled onto in the course of amusing oneself.
It is built upon persistence and tenacity of purpose."



Brian Kelly
Co-captain
Men's Soccer Team

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Henry Longfellow



Smoked Gudea
IM Flag Football Team
Undefeated Champions
3 years straight

"Smoked Gouda is arguably the most dominant sports team in Duke history..."

T.C.



Norm Ogilvie

Track Coach

Jan Ogilvie

Assistant Professor of the Practice

Health, Physical Education and Recreation

"We consider ourselves to be an extremely fortunate couple-- working together daily in the sport we love, track and field, with the talented student-athletes of a great school like Duke."

campus life



Alpha delta pi



Alpha epsilon phi

Alpha epsilon pi





Alpha kappa alpha



Alpha omicron pi

Alpha phi



Alpha phi alpha





Alpha tau omega



Alspaugh



Arts dorm



Aycock





House b

Bassett



Beta theta pi

Blackwell



Brown

Brownstone





House c



Camelot



Canterbury

House cc



Chi omega





Chi psi



Cleland



House d

House dd



Delta delta delta

Delta gamma





Delta kappa epsilon



Delta sigma phi

Delta sigma theta



Epworth





Gilbert-addoms



Giles



Haight-ashbury

Hampton



Hastings



Jarvis

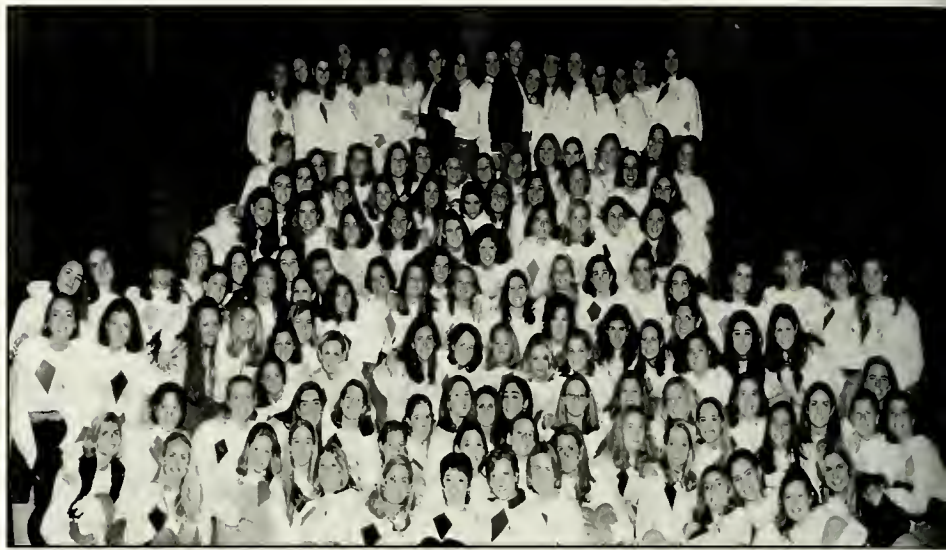


Kappa alpha



Kappa alpha psi

Kappa alpha theta



Kappa kappa gamma





Kappa sigma



La unidad latina



Lancaster

Language dorm



Maxwell house

Mirecourt





Nottingham



House p

Pegram



Phi delta theta

Phi kappa psi





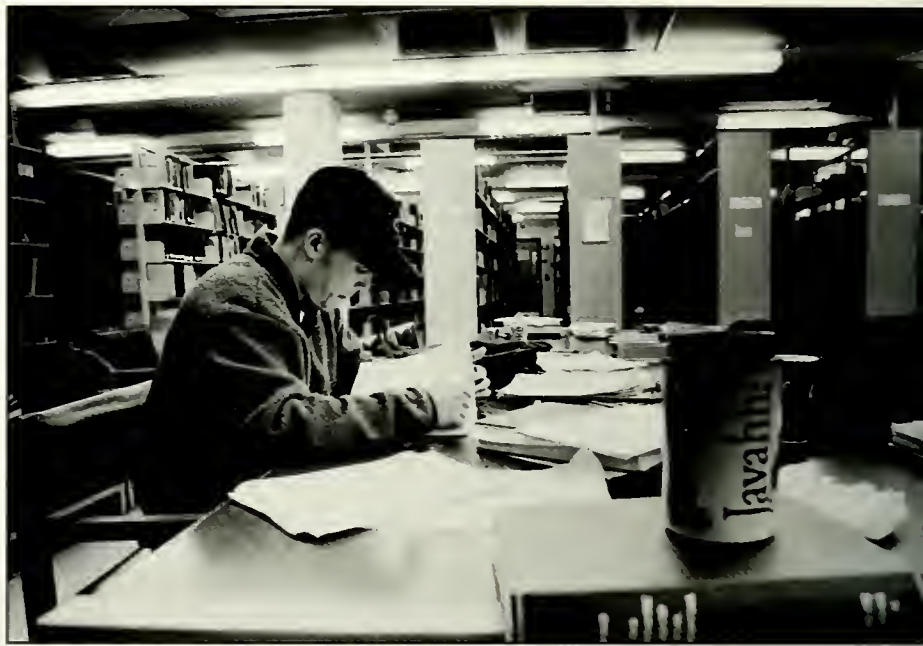
Pi beta phi



Pi kappa alpha



Psi upsilon



— Randolph

— Round table





Scott house



Sigma alpha epsilon

Sigma chi





Sigma gamma rho



Southgate

Spectrum



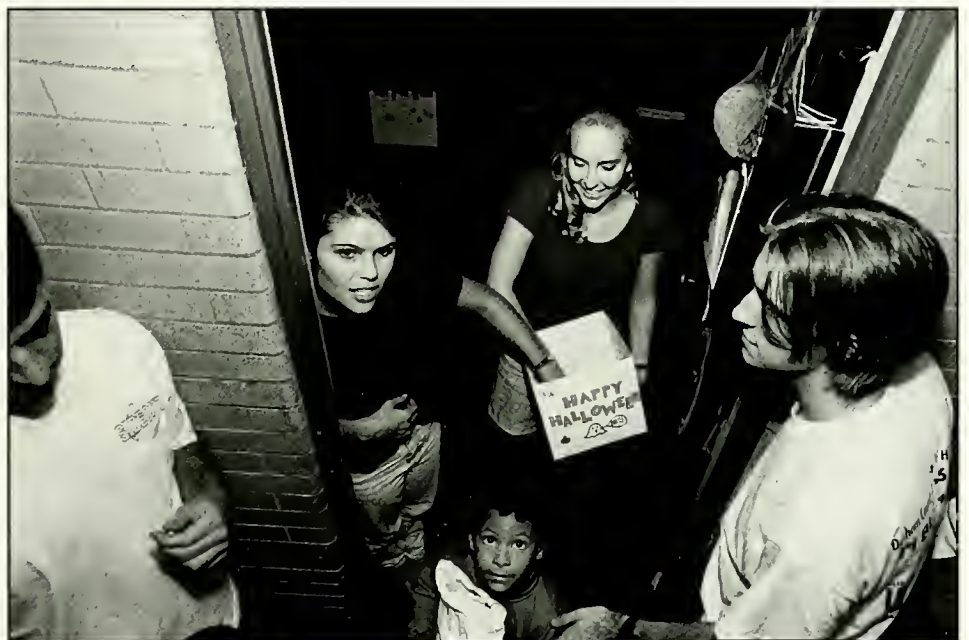
Stonehenge

Stratford





Theta chi



Trent

Wannamaker i



Wannamaker iv





Wayne manor

Wilson



Windsor

York





Outside our dorm, where our bench once was, there is now an empty place. All of us spent hours on that wooden structure, resting there, soaking up the sun and swapping the latest news, and we loved that bench. So it might seem strange that we cheered when it was carried away. Our communal bench became a memorable yet mere suit smudge in the center of Clocktower Quad, ultimately sacrificed for the greater good.

Burned it, we did. And we chanted, "Go to hell, Carolina! Go to hell!"

The conflagration celebration unfolded after our home court victory over UNC, and the crowds pushed up just 30 yards from our front door. The traditional bench burnings looked like a dangerous, riotous affair, and thousands of students mobbed the residential quads ostensibly in the name of pyromania. But here in fact was something else — in a split second the campus truly came to life. Moved by the moment, gathered in one place, we were together.

And so it was like that throughout our four years. Duke would come to life at times like those, including the could-the-weather-be-better days of spring. Students emerged from their dorms, or converged from the library on a suddenly sunny and light-spirited campus atmosphere. The air was spotted with lazy Frisbees and intent baseballs, barbecue smells wandered through an archway, and somebody dropped another water balloon from that fraternity's third floor. People were everywhere, and one felt surrounded by friends.

The feeling would grab you at the most unexpected times. Several snooze buttons on campus were each slapped about 5,000 times until the clocks read 9:06, leaving only four hurried minutes of preparation to be justified as so-called exercises in efficiency. Dorm doors jerked open on the quad, and several students, hair disheveled and eyes narrow, would side-by-side pace each other's steady jog to class, eventually to part with a familiar nod.

Later, the lively click-clack-clicks of keys turning in the Bryan Center's mail boxes were heard rattling off like a typewriter in the 20-minute break between classes. It was in the BC that friendly yet curt greetings exchanged themselves in the too-long lines of the Lobby Shop, scores lined up for coffee and muffins from the Cafe, and several others rushed to meetings in a blur of activity. The student center then became excellent training ground for the fine art of gotta-go conversation, and soon we all had learned what seemed like another language. Born of our collective busyness, this language was unique and completely ours.

Campus life was indeed special, and little was lost in our time.

The only exception being the dorms wired into a central computer network, making it easy enough to download public policy lectures instead of making the usual photocopy dash. It wasn't clear whether the invention of e-mail brought us closer together or farther apart. At one point, somebody suggested doing away with the traditional college campus, forcing students to take electronic courses from remote places across the world.

Perhaps someday, but would that not defeat the purpose? Without the students, much more than a campus would be lost. In our memories, the Duke campus is beautiful, but for neither its intricate Gothic architecture nor well-cultivated lawns. Duke is beautiful, because we remember the souls that not only lived there but gave life to a larger, communal sense that we were all there together.

Jed Stremel, Trinity '97





seniors

A. Rahmah Abdulaleem
 Marc J. Abrams
 Peter D. Ahlin
 Jodi T. Alexander
 Melissa A. Alexander
 Tamika A. Alexander



David A. Allen
 J. Christopher Allen
 Nicole A. Allen
 Scott P. Allen
 Diana B. Alpert
 Sharon L. Alspector



Joseph P. Alukal
 Susan P. Ameen
 Josie Amley
 Christopher S. Anderson
 Gretchen H. Anderson
 Katie L. Anderson



Kurt E. Anderson
 Shawn M. Anderson
 Gregory C. Andon
 Regan I. Andreas
 Alison A. Andrews
 Angelike Andrinopoulos

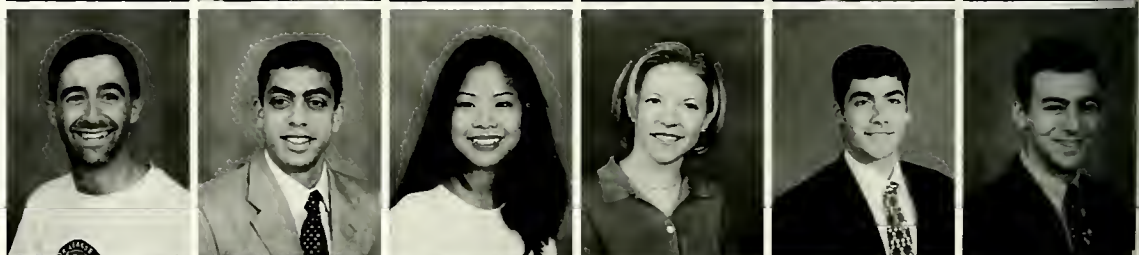


What will you remember most about Duke? Your classes? The quads? Cameron? The Bryan Center? Your

Kara B. Anthony
 Carrie F. Apfel
 Brian M. Arakelian
 Autumn D. Arnold
 Jill L. Arnold
 Juliet A. Arechiga



Gian Aroldi
 Alfredo L. Arraut, Jr.
 Katharine Ascharya
 Elaine T. Asher
 Fred Aslan
 Toby E. Ast



Tasha M. Axiom
 Julio E. Ayala
 Frank A. Badalamenti
 Amy C. Baghrmian
 Joseph J. Bailey
 L. Ross Baker, Jr.





Michelle S. Balow
A. Todd Balsley
Ali Z. Banatwala
Bryan J. Baranowski
Katherine W. Barber
H. Bindu Bareddy



Jennifer L. Barnes
Eric L. Barret
Meredith J. Bashaw
Fouad Z. Bashour
Christopher M. Bass
Amy Bauer



Evan S. Bauman
Graham R. Beatty
Peter L. Beaupre
Lauren F. Beck
Stephen A. Beers
Joshua P. Beirne

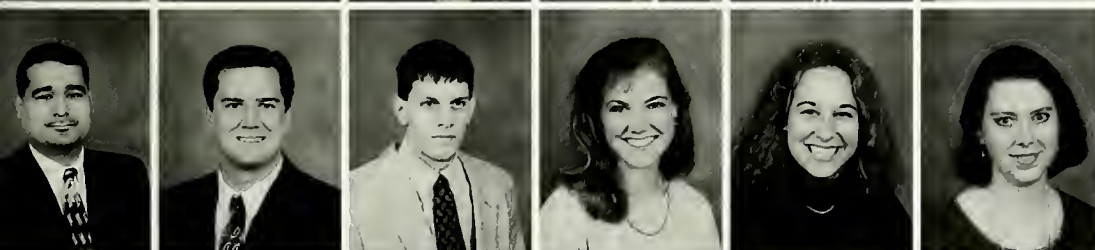


D. Michelle Belden
Patrick R. Bell
Jane S. Bellet
Thomas J. Bender
Kenneth D. Bensinger
Luther D. Bentley

human dorm? Remember how hot is was for move-in? Who was your FAC? Your RA? Do you still talk to



Blair Berger
Carl G. Berger, III
David B. Berman
William A. Bermont
R. Scott Bermudez
Michelle A. Bernat



Jamie Betancourt
Robert P. Bethea
Ranvindra N. Bhargava
L. Suzanne Beiksha
Rachel E. Billingslea
Robyn L. Bisette



Kirsten L. Black
Christopher S. Blackburn
Maurice Blanco
William S. Bodemer
C. Alexandra Boevig
Christian J. Bollinger

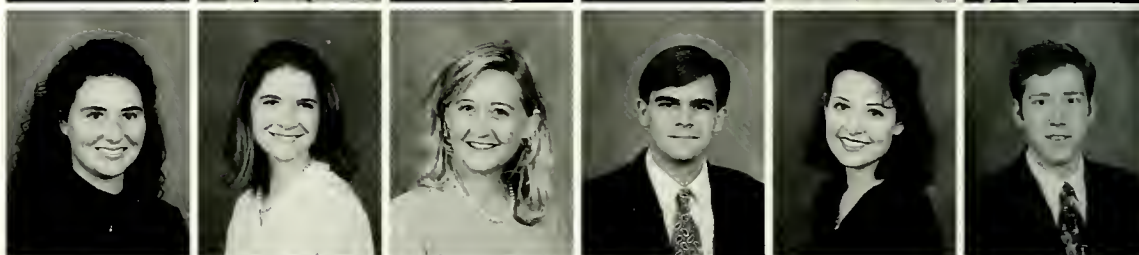
Jay P. Bondo
Martina Bonovac
Sarah P. Boocock
Sarah R. Boonin
Darius A. Boquin
Philip A. Borden



Aloknanda S. Bose
Catherine C. Boulle
Jaclyn Bova
Rebeka J. Bracken
Morgen R. Branch
Wesley T. Brandon, Jr.



Amanda L. Bray
Rahil D. Briggs
Robin R. Briggs
Murray C. Briggs, III
Anne P. Bright
R. Andrew Brison



Stacey R. Bromberg
L. Perry Brothers
Barrett S. Brown
Cassandra D. Brown
Elizabeth Brown
Gregory D. Brown



your freshman roommate? Remember how bad 8am UWC was? Were you a pig book star? Did you ever get

Neil P. Brown
Pamela F. Brown
Erin N. Buchanan
Jason P. Buha
Kayse C. Budd
Diane Bui

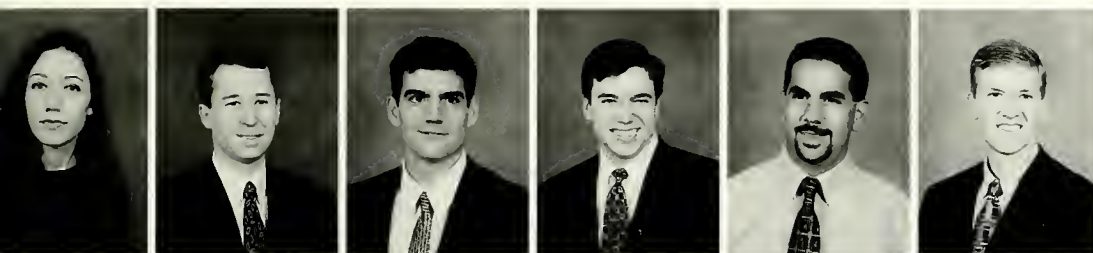


Carolina Buia
Tracy E. Bullard
Karen E. Bundy
Beth B. Burke
Melanie R. Burkes
Jorden W. Burton



Eva M. Busbice
Jason E. Butler
Sumeet K. Caberwal
Joseph A. Cadugan
Kathleen H. Cahill
Sarah H. Cairney





Ann H. Calbazana
Andrew J. Calkins
Robert E. Campanella
Bradley L. Campbell
Richard L. Canedo
Chad M. Cannon



Jordan M. Capps
Peter C. Carlone
John K. Carlsen
Collen A. Carnes
Vincent J. Carolenuto
Peter Carpio

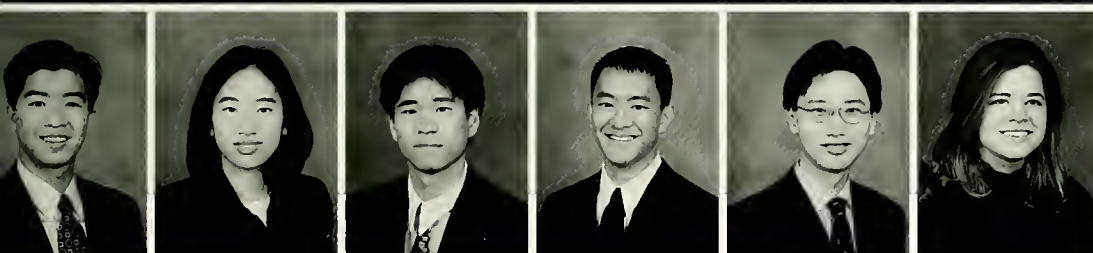


Robert D. Carroll
Brett M. Cascio
David M. Cash
Gillis S. Cashman
Matthew D. Casper
Sarah M. Cates



Thomas L. Cathey
Arnaldo N. Cavazos
Sabrina A. Cayton
Eugene H. Cha
Jennifer P. Chambers
Cheryl R. Chamblee

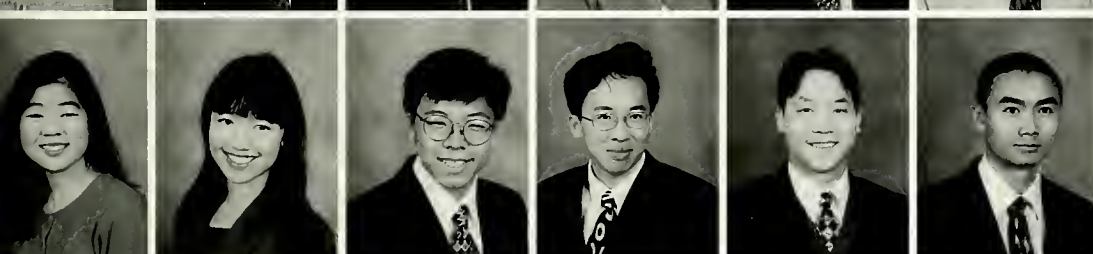
Written up for drinking? Do you remember when freshmen lived on North and West? We were the last ones to



Stanley U. Chan
Grace Y. Chang
Jae H. Chang
Steve W. Chang
Y. B. Alan Chang
Erin T. Chapman



Miranda W. Chapman
Steven W. Charchut
James A. Chartier
Camille J. Chatterjee
Todd A. Chaudhry
Iain M. Cheeseman



Eileen Chen
Margaret M. Chen
Wayne Cheng
Y. Henry Cheng
Joseph S. Chien
Lynn Chien

Francis Chiou
 Patrick T. Cho
 John D. Choi
 Maybo Chou
 Viva B. Chu
 Arlene E. Chung



Lindsey T. Ciali
 Lisa K. Cioci
 Karen L. Cirillo
 Jeremy Clark
 Rachel Clarke
 Jason E. Clauss



Jason S. Clement
 Louis J. Clinton
 Ryan D. Clinton
 Kevin M. Coakley
 Carson J. Coatney
 Tracy L. Coble

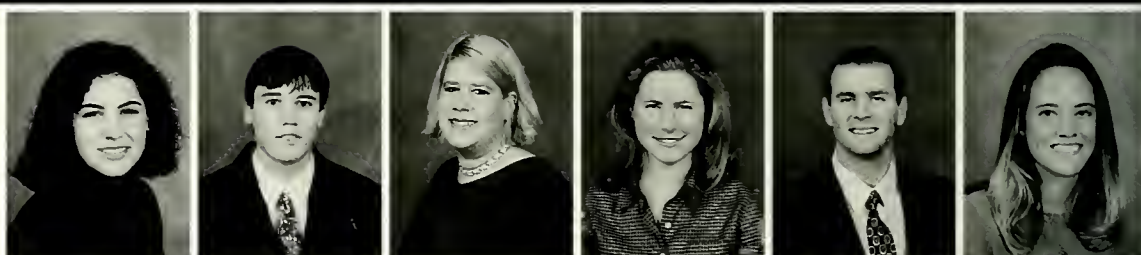


Josiah Cocks
 Daniel A. Cohen
 Sara R. Cohen
 Andrienne Cohns
 Jodi L. Colangelo
 Allison L. Cole



live in Hanes Annex. Remember we liked living on North? Did you go to kegs on East during freshman orientation

Rachel Coleman
 Jason Collins
 Sarah A. Collins
 Sarah W. Collins
 Steven A. Columbaro
 Dierdre A. Conley



Christopher G. Converse
 Jennifer Conzaco
 Craig A. Cook
 Eric N. Cook
 Katherine S. Cook
 Andrew W. Cops



Seth A. Coren
 Anna-Lisa C. Corrales
 Katrin B. Corrigan
 James R. Costello
 Daniel J. Covatta
 Adam C. Cox





Carrie M. Cox
Delores A. Cox
Frances K. Cox
Thomas G. Cranwell, III
Jeffrey W. Craver
Michael R. Cresante



Sarina N. Crews
Drema D. Crist
Amy E. Croot
Laura E. Crotty
Amanda J. Crowe
Miranda B. Cude



Husein A. Cumber
John J. Curley, IV
Scott R. Curry
Benjamin J. Cushman
Clement C. Cypra
Nabila A. Dahodwala



Selene F. Dalton-Kumins
Susan R. Daniel
Brian M. Daniels
Shannon L. Daniels
Stewart Darrell
Melanie Da Trindade-Asher

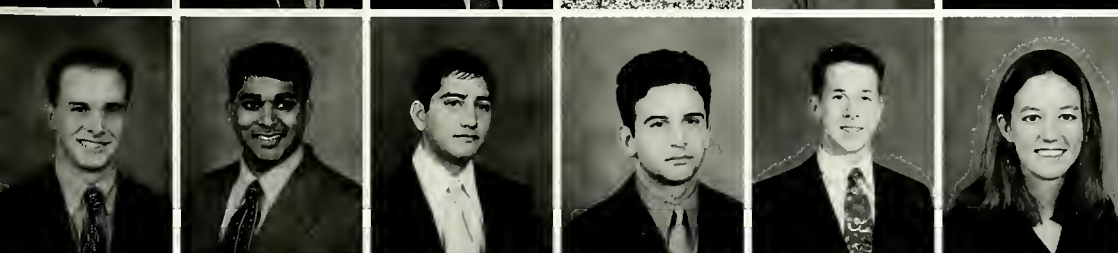
Do you still have your first Duke card? Did you get the new kind senior year? How many Duke shirts do you own?



Tammy R. Daub
Andrew S. David
C. LeAnn Davis
Jennifer A. Davis
Ryan S. Davis
Susan L. Davis



Danielle L. Davison
Mason N. Dean
Michael K. Dean
Alison T. Deleo
Jennifer L. Demic
Annette F. Denoyer



David M. Deramo
Vimal K. Derebail
Neil P. Desai
Peter R. DeSantis
Robert E. Desmond
Kamala A. Devalois

Navdeep K. Dhaliwal
Daniel G. Dillon
Claire A. DiLorenzo
Leo A. DiNapoli
Amara L. Dirienzo
Richard M. Dishman, III



Melanie H. Dixon
Shari B. Domow
Shannon L. Donnelly
Jeffrey W. Donnithorne
Joseph A. Donovan
Erin M. Dotson



Christy L. Dover
Scott M. Downer
Patrick M. Doyle
Andrew M. Dries
Sarah L. Driscoll
Anne S. Drury



Sandra M. Drygas
Sandra J. Duncan
Tamara A. Duker
Lee Ann Duval
Rachel B. Duval
Angela D. Earhart



Are you wearing one now? Do you remember kegs? The pub? Beer on points? Did you buy a Reggae Jam

Kristen E. Eberly
Stephen M. Edelson
Keisha M. Edwards
Valenica R. Eggleston
Brandon E. Ehrhart
Gregory P. Ehrnman



Scott B. Eichel
Sara B. Elias
C. David Eller
Daniel J. Elliott
Serena A. Elliott
Stuart W. Elliott



Lisa A. Ells
Lauren J. Elsner
Carolyn H. W. Eng
Deborah E. Engel
Johnathan A. Engh
Neal A. England





Jeffrey L. Epstein
Gregory A. Erickson
E. Ali Evans
Lewis M. Everett
Mark A. Evers
Todd H. Eveson

Jennifer H. Exelbierd
Jason I. Fagg
Dawn E. Fang
Steven W. Fass
Emily S. Faville
Leyla J. Faw

Edward J. Fay
Andrew R. Fechner
Stephen J. Feick
Brian L. Feldman
Jennifer L. Feltham
Greg M. Ferkel

Francisco J. Fernandez
John D. Ferraro
Allison J. Fethke
Michelle L. Fetterman
Melissa B. Field
P. Nicole Fielder

What? Who was your pre-major advisor? Did you ever camp out? Did you stay at Duke over spring break for the

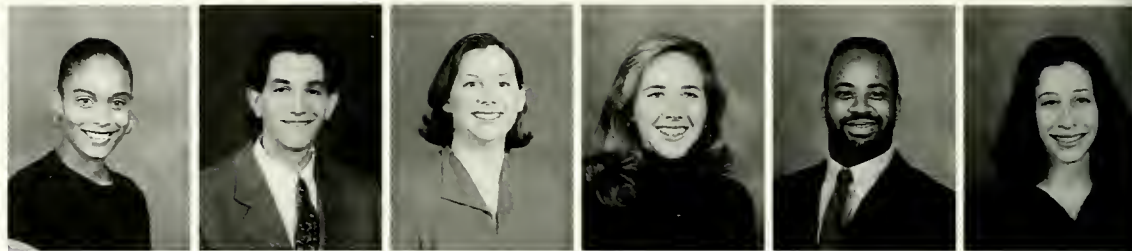


Roberta S. Figueiredo
Julie C. Filbrun
Sanford A. Fine
Kristen E. Finlon
Isabella Fiorentino
Alison P. Fiori

Suzanne L. Fisher
Laura L. Fitzpatrick
Wendy R. Fix
D. Patrick N. Flamming
Christian M. Fletcher
Dana L. Florio

Robert P. Flowers
Rajat R. Fofaria
Simone R. Fogarasi
Peter J. Fontana
Matthew L. Fore
Vanessa L. Foster

Indra T. S. Fouche
 Etan H. Frankel
 Jennifer E. Frauson
 Lauren E. Frazier
 Robert C. Frazier
 A. Laurie Freeman



Jason S. Freeman
 Alicia C. Freimuth
 Jill A. Freydborg
 Edward E. Freyfogle
 David M. Friedman
 Eric H. Friedman



Charles M. Fuller
 William J. Furber, III
 Russell W. Fusco
 Matthew T. Gabay
 Jonathan E. Ganz
 Amy E. Garrison



Kristina G. Gaud
 Ellen S. Gawalt
 Geoffrey M. Gaydos
 Cullen K. Geiselman
 Elizabeth J. Geller
 Dana M. Gerstbacher

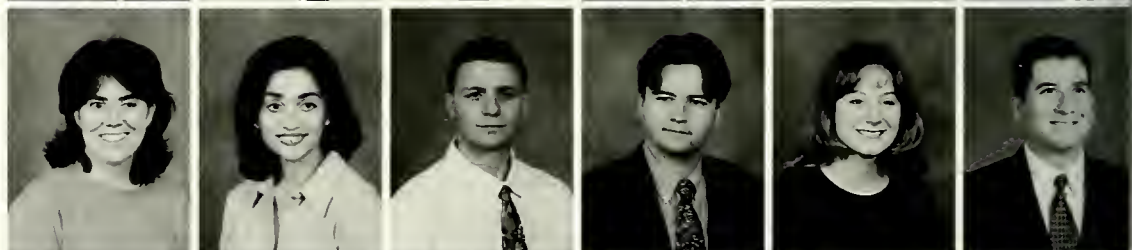


Carolina game freshman year? Did you go to the bonfires? To the Final Four? Did you see Grant Hill play? Do

Michael Y. Ghim
 Matthew S. Gidney
 J. Hardy V. Gieske
 Mark R. Gilbert
 Melissa L. Gilbert
 Christian T. Gillen



Jennifer F. Girard
 Priya D. Giri
 Leonard A. Giuliano
 Paul B. Glaser
 Jennifer L. Glasgow
 Sidney Glasofer



Benjamin P. Glenn
 Daniel A. Godrick
 Will T. Goldfarb
 Jessica A. Goldman
 Rachel B. Golub
 James M. Gonnella, Jr.





William G. Gonzalez
Jason W. Goode
Mark O. Goodrich
Ellen C. Goodridge
Randall N. Goodroe
Tamara L. Gordon

Mark P. Gorman
Christopher P. Gosciniak
Stephen C. Gould
Tami J. Goven
Maneesh K. Goyal
Tanya M. Goyal

Varish Goyal
Rajeev K. Goyle
Kristina M. Graff
Kristan S. Graham
Nancy M. Graham
Michael A. Granne

Jennifer M. Green
Kimberly V. Green
Kirsten S. Green
Shana D. Green
Daniel L. Greenberg
Dina G. Greenberg

any words to the fight song except "Carolina go to hell, eat shit!"? Did you sleep in Cameron? Did you go see



Kenneth P. Greenberg
Jeffrey B. Greene
Jordin S. Greene
Whitney W. Greene
Lauren Greenfield
Paige J. Greenfield

Nathaniel L. Greenwald
Jennifer L. Gross
Dana E. Grubb
Jonathan W. Gruber
Kimberly E. Gunter
Melissa J. Gunthner

Adam S. Gusky
Holly A. Guss
Scott M. Guth
Allison L. Gutierrez
Justo A. Gutierrez
Michael F. Gutknecht

Victoria Y. Ha
Rachel M. Haberkern
Robert J. Hackett, Jr.
Christopher L. Haddy
Brian T. Hafer
Jennifer M. Hagenah



Monica R. Hakimi
J. Robert Hall, II
Sheldon F. Hall, III
Tyish S. Hall
Thomas M. Halleran
John C. Hancock



Daniel O. Hanks
Eric H. Hanemann
Neal T. Hansch
E. Tyler Hardy
E. C. Brooke Harkrader
Matthew Harman



Eve P. Harmon
Jessica P. Harner
Eric G. Harper
Ricquel J. Harper
Brian M. Harris
Elizabeth S. Harris



"The Program" on campus? Did you write any creative library graffiti? Were you on "Good Morning America?" Dis

Andrea H. Harrison
Bains Harrison
Geoffrey T. Hart
Jacob J. Hart
Gail H. Harvey
Ali A. Hashemi



N. Rasidah Haskim
Sara Hassan
Emily F. Hassell
Wanda M. Hatchell
Heather L. Hayes
Jasmine S. Hayes

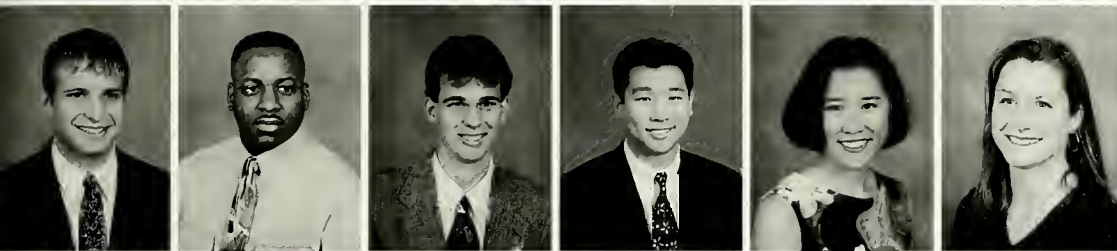


Matthew S. Haywood
Shomari D. Hearn
Peter F. Hebert
Amy E. Heckman
Elizabeth M. Heller
Phillip H. Hemmers





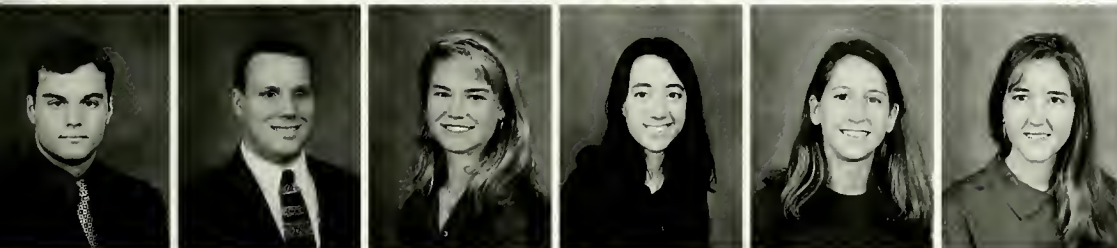
Laura Kate Hennis
Amy E. Hepburn
Jeffrey L. Herman
Christian Hernandez
James M. Herndon, III
Kristin B. Hertzig



Christopher B. Hester
Johnny A. Heyward
John A. Hickland
Daniel S. Ho
Elaine P. Ho
Sarah E. Hoch



David A. Hoffman
Ida Hoghooghi
David E. Hollar
Emily B. Holmes
Thomas M. Holmes
Breena L. Holt



David C. Hood
Andrew J. Hoopengardner
Mirah A. Horowitz
Lauren K. House
M. Colby Howell
Rebecca J. Howland

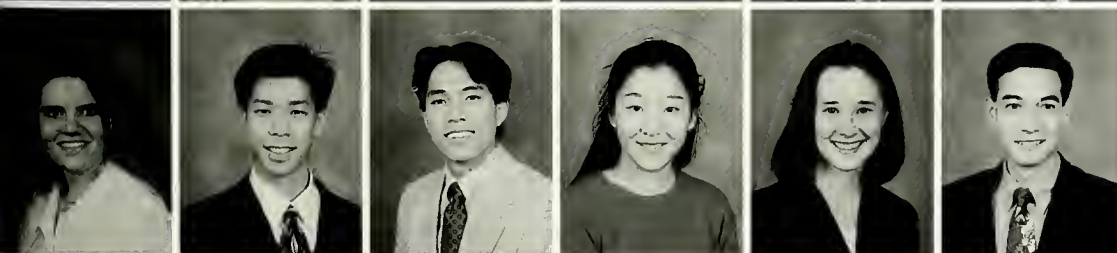
fulfill all the unofficial graduation requirements? Did you fulfill any besides driving around the traffic circle back-



Melanie K. Hsiao
Elaine Y. Hsieh
W. Antonio Hsu
Megan J. Huchko
Ashley N. Hudson
Lisa M. Hudson



Abigail S. Huggins
Kristi K. Huller
Jessica H. Hunt
Lisa D. Hunter
Daniel J. Hurley, III
Charles A. Hurty, Jr.



Kelly A. Hutcheson
Harris H. Hwang
Nice Hyung
Megumi Ichikawa
Elaine E. Iles
John D. Inazu

Lee R. Insinga
 Amber M. Isak
 Brooke S. Jackson
 Elizabeth B. Jackson
 Katherine M. Jacobs
 Lisa M. Jacobs



Jennifer A. Jaconetti
 Vinish Jain
 Mark W. Jeanfreau
 Heather K. Jennett
 Derek A. Jerina
 Archana Jesudian



Wesley C. Joe
 Anna C. Johnson
 Daniel O. Johnson
 Deborah E. Johnson
 Jeffrey R. Johnson
 Jennifer E. Johnson



Jennifer L. Johnson
 Kimberlee D. Johnson
 Kirsten A. Johnson
 Mitchell P. Johnson
 Ryan C. Johnson
 Dorothy J. Johnston



wards? How many times did you go to Myrtle? Did you ever hook-up at Myrtle? Did you ever go on a date at D

Dana P. Jolly
 Richard W. Jolly
 Joy D. Jones
 Kimberly A. Jones
 M. Lisa Jones
 Rushelle A. Jones



Stephanie M. Jones
 Joseph S. Joson
 Jennifer L. Jozwiak
 David B. Kacedon
 Jeremy M. Kahn
 Karrie Kaiser



Brian J. Kaminski
 Linda M. Kane
 Jamie A. Kanofsky
 Beth A. Kanter
 Elizabeth L. Kao
 Carol I. Kaplan





Seema Kapur
Julia H. Karickhoff
Jamillah A. Karim
Sarah R. Karp
Daryl L. Katz
Ali Kazemi

Katherine E. Keane
Susan E. Kearns
T. Matthew Kearns
Cynthia D. Keith
Billee J. Kelder
Ellen T. Kelleher

Kathleen E. Kelley
Brian S. Kelly
Christopher R. Kelly
John P. Kelvie
Kania H. Kennedy
Teresa N. Kerr

Kristal T. Keys
Brian D. Kim
Choo-Youn Kim
Dennis M. Kim
Dillon Kim
Hae Sook Kim

Do you remember when people used to date? Just kidding. Where did you study? The stacks? The Gothic Reading

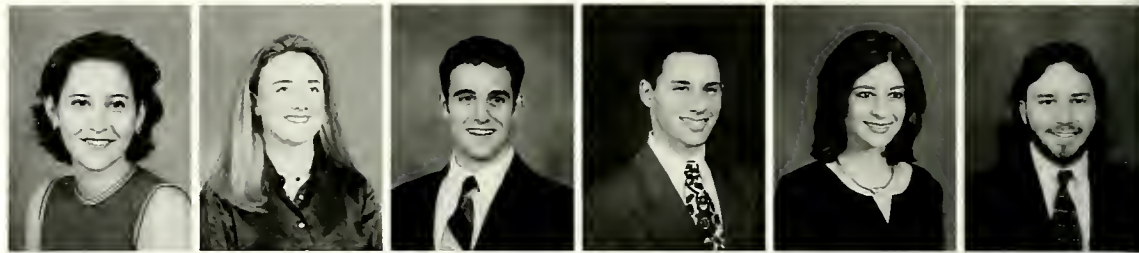


Michael H. Kim
Paul S. Kim
Paul W. Kim
Aimee B. Kindsfather
Mara E. Kingsley
Irem Kizilviranlioglu

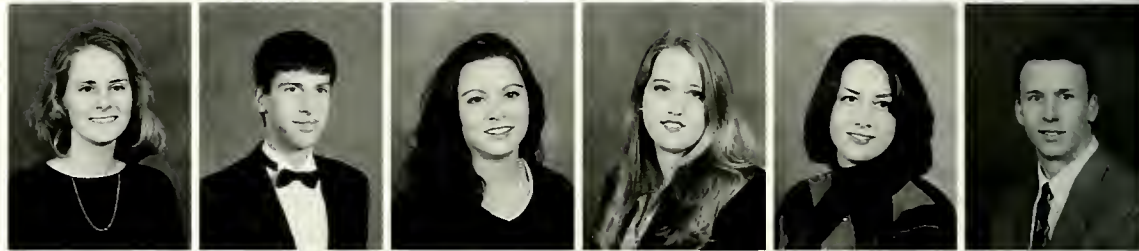
Carolyn R. Kleiner
Manya Klempler
Jaqueline S. Klug
Kurt E. Knaub
David C. Kneip
Jessica L. Knight

Virginia A. Knight
Karen M. Knopp
Justin P. Knowles
Kelli E. Knox
Bryan A. Knust
Sven S. Koehler

Yasmin Kok
Dresden M. Koons
Glen A. Kopp
Jeffrey B. Korn
Madison Kothari
Brian J. Kott



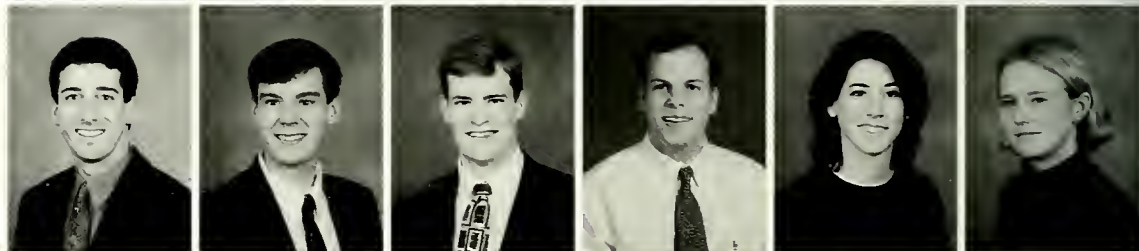
Shannon M. Kozlowicz
Richard W. Kraus
Laura A. Krech
Paige A. Kremser
Susan A. Kresel
John W. Krueger



Robert C. Kunz
Michael P. Lacy
Sergio T. Lagunes
Sonali Lahiry
Vipul T. Lakhani
Natalie Lam



David A. Lamond
Jonathan T. Lampkin
Thomas M. Large
Paul G. Larson
Elizabeth A. Latz
Karen D. Laughlin



Room ? Deryl Hart? Lilly? Did you go to a cattle drive? Do you remember when Dave Matthews played on the

Jason P. Layton
Stephen D. Leathers
Melissa K. Ledgerwood
David S. Lee
Jae I. Lee
Jennie T. Lee



Mi-Mi Lee
Amanda K. Lehr
Karen J. Leiser
Elizabeth M. Lepanto
Michael D. Lessin
Justin D. Lester



Melanie Y. Leventhal
Erin G. Leverentz
Michael W. Levin
Maren E. Levinson
Eric T. Levy
Joanna I. Lewis





Stephanie J. Lewy
Min C. Li
Shih-Tzung Li
Melanie J. Licis
Jason B. Liebman
Karen A. Lindgren

Brian R. Lindman
Joshua Lindquist
John R. Linker
Susan K. Linsert
Chandra Littooy
Christine H. Liu

Bridget C. Lloyd
Kathryn E. Lockwood
Joshua A. Loftin
Yen Lin J. Loh
Erica D. Longfellow
Norma J. Longo

Bonnie E. Lonze
Hilary A. Lookingbill
Kelly C. Lorch
Katherine A. Lorscheider
Sophie Louvel
Craig L. Lowenthal

ameron? Do remember the Bryan Center without the Cafe? Perkins without the Perk? All you can eat at



Kristin M. Lundquist
Sarah C. MacDougall
Lawrence J. Maciolek
Holly R. MacKay
Michael P. Maher
Christopher S. Malfant

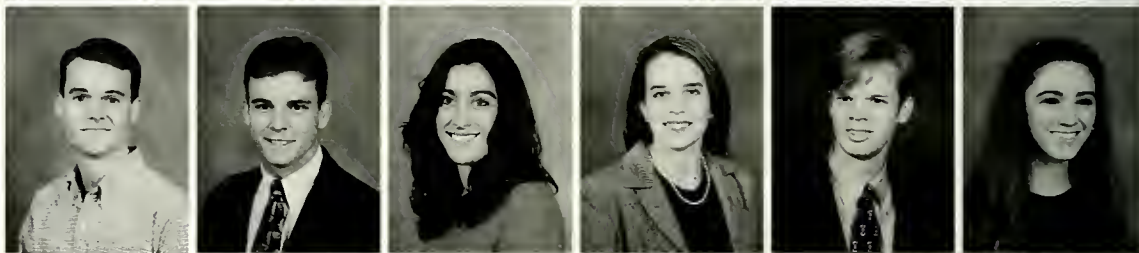
Bharet Malhotra
Vanessa C. Mandel
Eric B. Mann
Ashley Y. Manos
Jason S. Manse
Mandy L. Manzanares

Nicole E. Marcson
Brent A. Marcus
Tasha Y. Marenbach
Blair H. Markovitz
James C. Martens
Sarah J. Martin

Thomas B. Martin
 Ethan K. Martucci
 Edrienne M. Mason
 Robert D. Mason
 W. Ryan Massie
 Adriana I. Matesic



Jonathan A. Mathy
 Richard R. Matthias
 Tobi A. May
 Paula R. Mazor
 M. Jason McAllister
 Meredith B. McBride



Joshua L. McCarthy
 K. Peyton McCollum
 Michael T. McCormack
 Melanie B. McCrorey
 Todd C. McDevitt
 Brent E. McGoldrick



Keira E. McGovern
 Katie E. McGrath
 Kerry D. McIlroy
 Kent McIntosh
 Kathleen T. McKie
 Ryan D. McKim



The Pitts? Did you go to the SPE-ya-later party? Did you come back from abroad and not know where any dorms

Alison C. McLeish
 J. Allen McNaughton, Jr.
 S. David McSwain
 Christopher P. Mebane
 Shannon L. Meeks
 Jessica A. Mein



Michael T. Melia
 Darin W. Mellinger
 Nathan P. Meltzer
 Janet E. Menaker
 Scott P. Mendenhall
 Michael J. Menditto, Jr.

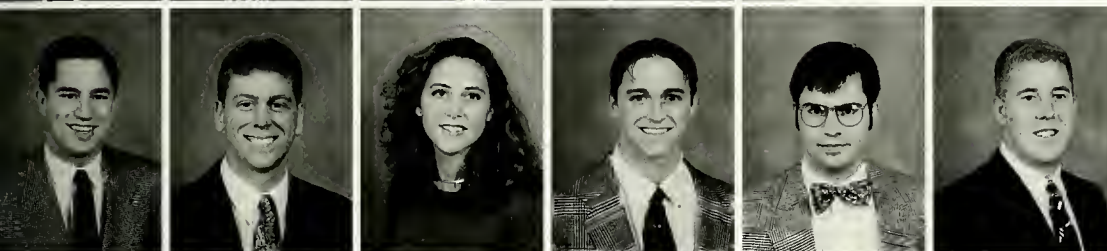


Daniella J. Menichella
 Deborah J. Mensch
 Robin K. Meray
 Faisal Merchant
 Ryan S. Messmore
 Tammy L. Meyer





James C. Mezger
Ross G. Michel
Brian M. Michl
Matthew C. Middleton
Jonathan D. Mikes
Richelle C. Mikes



Robert A. Miles
Adam D. Miller
Dana M. Miller
Jeremy S. Miller
John C. Miller, III
Heath J. Mills



Jeffrey K. Mills
John J. Mills
Stacey A. Miness
Mark C. Mitchell
Shrita Mittal
Charles M. Mixson



Kerri D. Mock
Nicole A. Monastirsky
Joshua L. Monten
Freddy J. Montero
Kevin E. Moore
Stacey M. Moore

Do you know now? Did you go to hear Elizabeth Dole speak? Adam Sandler? Janet Reno? Oliver Stone?



Stephanie L. Moore
Thomas J. Morello
Tameka G. Morey
Mark R. Morgan
Ashley A. Morris
Misty R. Morris

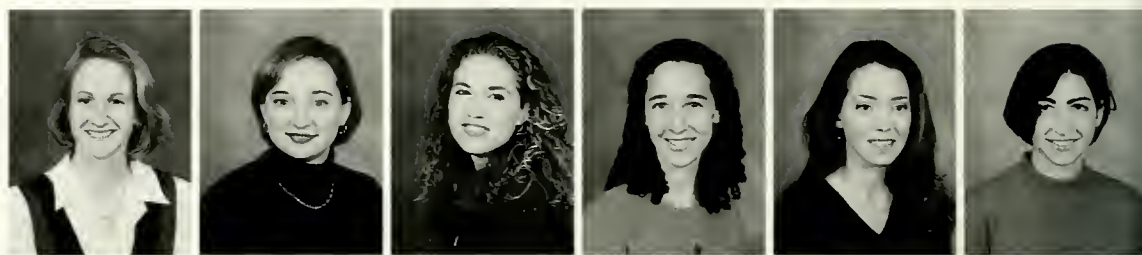


Mary E. Morrison
Eric J. Morse
Matthew J. Morse
A. Heather Morton
John L. Morton
Jacqueline C. Mosley



Alison L. Moulding
Hani O. Mowafi
Maureen L. Mulcahy
April L. Mullins
Benedict M. Mulroney
Gregory J. A. Murad

Christine E. Murphy
Dawn E. Murphy
Kerry A. Murray
Rebecca E. Nadel
Kathryn E. Narburgh
Dorothee S. Neau



Eric J. Nelson
Stacy E. Nelson
Takcus C. Nesbit
Elizabeth A. Neuhaus
Stephanie A. Newhall
Ken Newkirk



David T. Nguyen
Marguerite B. Nguyen
Tiffany C. Nicholson
Benjamin J. Nieporent
Amber R. Noga
Tracy L. Nolder



Regina D. Norris
Camden W. Nunery
Taryn C. O'Neill
Karen M. O'Sullivan
Sangki Oak
Catherine M. Obenshain



Where were you when the O.J. Simpson verdict came in? Did you rush? Did you pledge? Did you deactivate?

Kristin J. Oberle
Yuko Oda
Hamra Ogelman
A. Christopher Oishi
Heather A. Okvat
Kristin J. Olivia



Catherine E. Oropeza
Robert E. Ostendorf, III
Elizabeth J. Osterwise
Laurie S. Ostridge
Todd R. Overman
Gina P. Owens



Marcus S. Padow
Kelley A. Pagliai
Parag C. Pande
Phelana W. Pang
Rajiv P. Panikkar
Timothy M. Papp





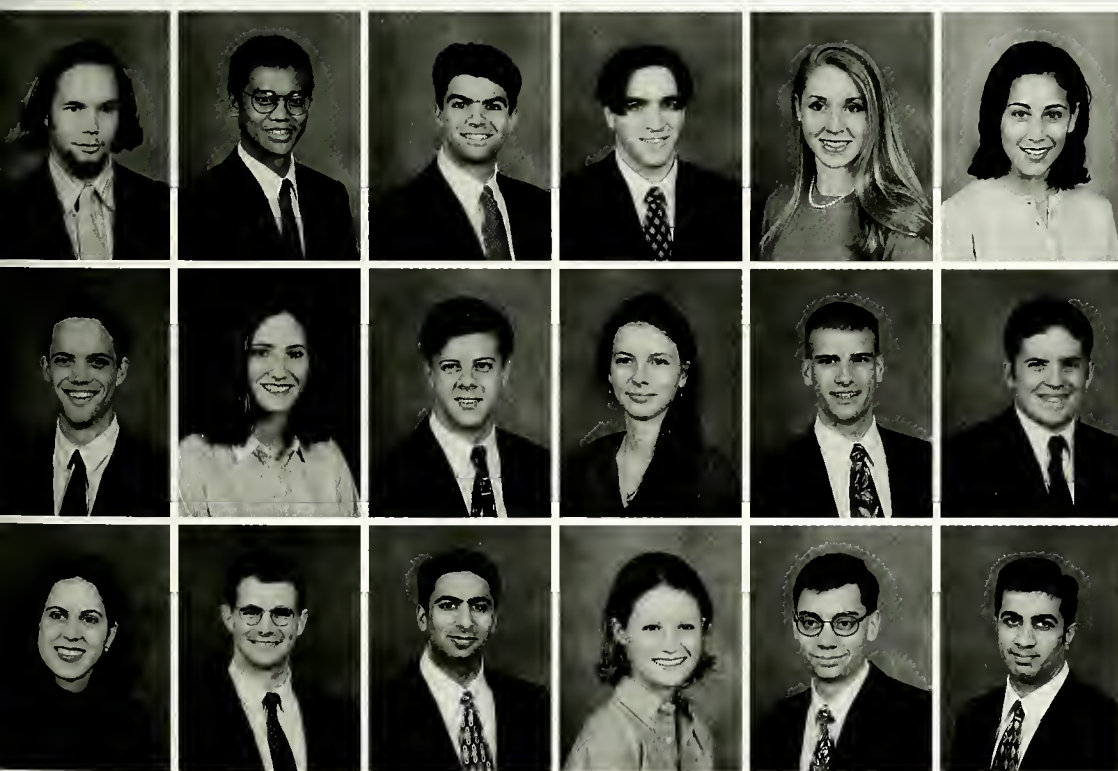
Mary H. Pappas
Kathryn E. Parker
Colleen F. Parrott
Nikhil Parsh
Sydney J. Partin
Clark E. Passino

Samir S. Patel
Shailesh M. Patel
Monique R. Payne
Renee M. Pazdan
Amanda L. Pearson
D. Breanna Pearson

Marisa A. Peera
Jennifer M. Pendleton
Thomas H. Perry
Tara N. Peterson
Benjamin R. Peyser
Allison M. Phaire

Anne E. Phillips
Alexandre R. Picard
Timothy T. Pieh
Douglas A. Pierson
Willard C. Pierson, III
David L. Pincus

What did you do during Hurricane Fran? Were you on the quad? Were you at Satisfaction's? Were you asleep?



William R. Pitts, III
Jason C. Plurad
John J. Polatz
Richard Z. Polidi
Christina Pong
Natalia Porcelli

Eric L. Porres
Rachel J. Posner
Jason T. Poston
Rachel A. Pottinger
Scott F. Powell
Daniel L. Prevost

Lee D. Pritchard
J. Nicholas Psaris
Adnon A. Qalbani
Bianca Quagliarello
Patrick G. Quigley
Jawad A. Qureshi

Nina F. Raba
 Elena B. Rahona
 Cynthia L. Ramirez
 Naveen G. Rao
 Jared M. Rashford
 Gordon L. Rashman, III



Evan D. Ratliff
 Nicole A. Ray
 Sterling H. Ray, III
 Gail L. Rearden
 Colleen B. Reardon
 Amy L. Reck



Caroline A. Reckler
 Ari B. Redbord
 Kalik J. Reece
 Loral S. Reed
 Ubaid U. Rehman
 Camelyn C. Reid



Alex W. Richert
 John A. Riddick
 Kimberly D. Rimmer
 Jocelyn L. Rish
 Jesse L. Roach, III
 Timothy J. Roach



Did you ever skip class to get your hand stamped for a basketball game? Did you ever build a bench? Paint the

Shannon L. Robertson
 Daniel R. Robinson
 D. Alan Robinson
 Katherine D. Robinson
 Shannon E. Roche
 David P. Rochester, II



Emily S. Rodgers
 A. Chapin Rodriguez
 Frederick C. Roediger
 Bret A. Rogers
 Carolyn B. Rollins
 Susan A. Rolls



Jeremy P. Romine
 David M. Ronan
 Jeffrey D. Rongero
 Robyn E. Rosenblum
 Scott B. Rosenfeld
 Daniel T. Rosenthal





Angela E. Ross
Jonathan M. Ross
Joseph A. Rotter
William M. Rue, Jr.
Elisa M. Ruggeri
Marnie T. Russotto



Mark A. Sable
George Sachinis
S. Blair Sachs
Jason R. Salemme
Charles W. Saletta, Jr.
Jeremy T. Salmon

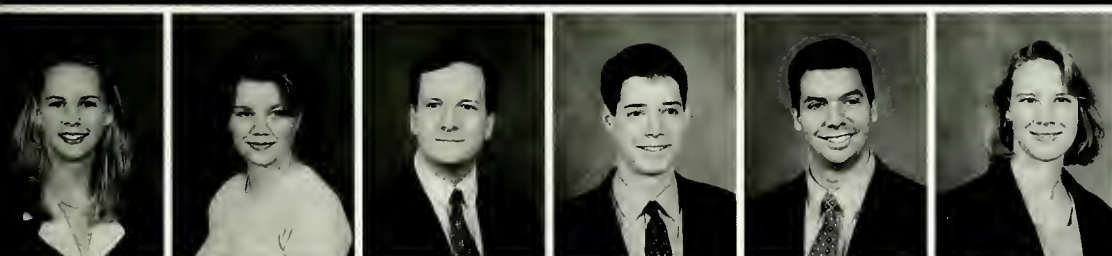


M. Raquel Salume
Jill C. Sammons
Christopher H. Sams
Mindy L. Samuelson
Patricia M. Sanchez
Jaron C. Sandy



Kenneth A. Sansone
Ananya Sarkar
Sheela Sathyanarayana
D. John Sauer
Sheryl C. Sauter
Mark D. Sawyer

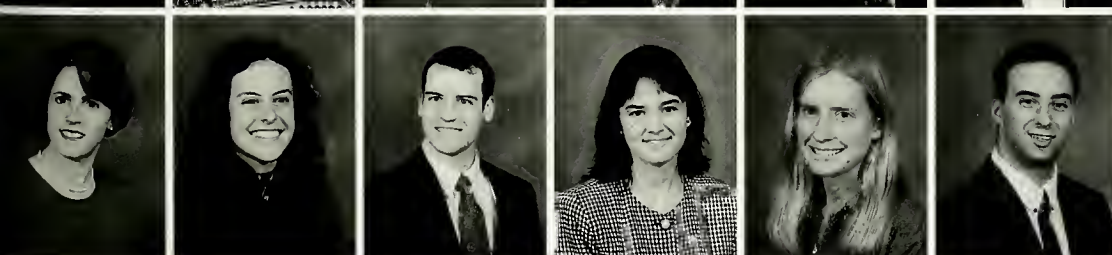
Age? Lay out in the gardens? Did you ever walk through D.U.M.A.? See a Hoof 'n' Horn production? Have you



Adriane J. Schaafsma
Mandy C. Scharf
Evan L. Scheessele
David W. Schlendorf, Jr.
Robert W. Schloss, Jr.
Stephanie A. Schmalz



Lynn T. Schoenherr
Valerie J. Schram
Jill A. Schreifer
Steven P. Schulenberg
Jeff E. Schulman
Daniel A. Schuman



Samantha A. Schutte
Dafna L. Schwartz
Daniel M. Sciubba
Carrie B. Scott
Elizabeth C. Scott
Tamir Segal

Rebecca L. Seibert
David H. Seidman
Milan M. Selassie
Trevor J. Selby
Zynda C. Sellers
Jason L. Sender



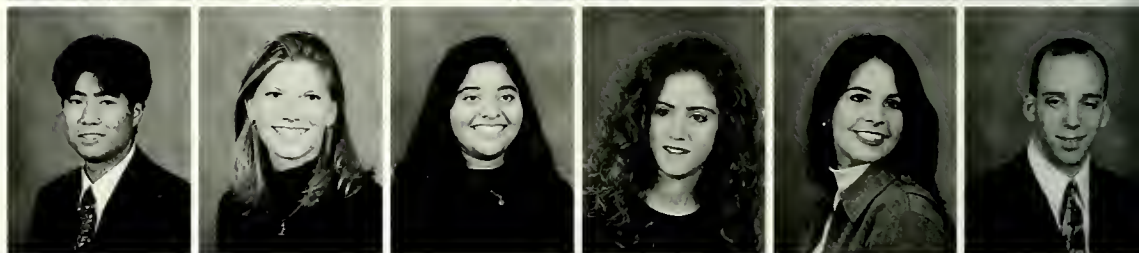
Cheryl K. Seymour
Jamila O. Seymour
Malay B. Shah
Bahar Shahpar
John D. Shanks
Kelly A. Shaw



Julie T. Sheaks
Daniel J. Sheehan
Dalia S. Shehata
Albert Shenker
Michael J. Sherman
Scott M. Sherman

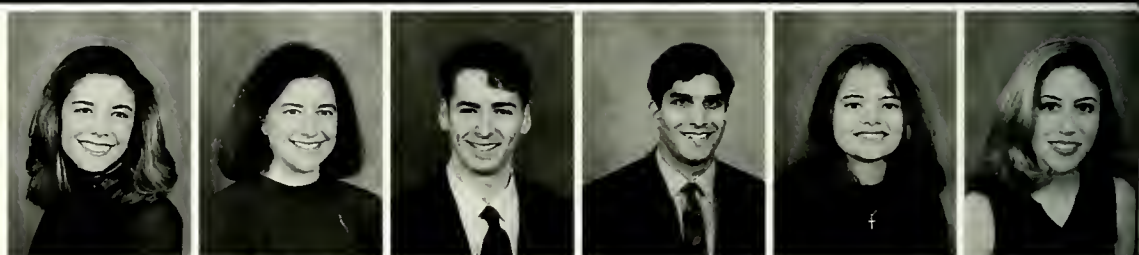


Toru Shimada
Michelle L. Shippey
Munria D. Siddiqui
Carolyn M. Siefken
S. Montaye Sigmon
Craig E. Silverstein



ever written a letter to the editor? Had your picture in The Chronicle? In The Chanticleer? Did you ever go to a

Kristin V. Simcox
Brooke S. Simler
Justin S. Simons
Daleep Singh
Catherine A. Sipe
Lisa M. Sirian



David C. Sirolly
Laurie A. Sloan
Jennifer E. Sloan
Erin E. Smith
Jamieson A. Smith
Jason A. Smith



Jason W. Smith
Jennifer B. Smith
Jessica M. Smith
Joshua R. Smith
Leslie A. Smith
Marian M. Smith





M. Alexander Smith
M. Blair Smith
Mieke A. Smith
Nicole D. Smith
Shelby V. Smith
Thomas H. Smoot, III

Roman R. Snihurowych
Ivan J. Snyder
Jonathan R. Snyder
Paul M. Sober
Heejung J. Son
Kazuma Sonoda, Jr.

Kristin C. Sosinski
Karin R. Sosis
Carolyn A. Sousa
Diana P. Spadea
Joseph L. Sparks
Emily S. Sparvero

Todd A. Spears
Todd B. Speed
Mark E. Sperling
Erin Spiotta
Meredith L. Spira
Eric C. Spivey

meeting? Did you ever vote? Which Duke sticker did you put on your car? Do you know the number for Wild

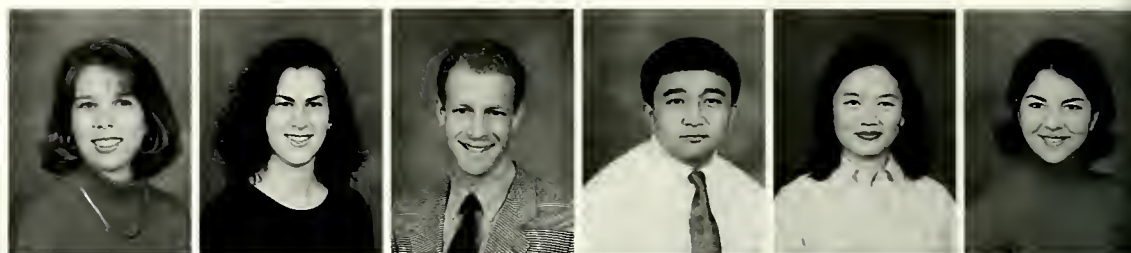


Will R. Spokes
Rebecca C. Stacy
Christopher R. Stambaugh
Stacy L. Stanley
Tiffanie J. Starr
Margot G. Staub

Catherine A. Steadman
Joshua D. Stearns
Michael B. Stein
Maranda L. Stenger
David A. Stern
Heather A. Stern

Carrie E. Stewart
Geoffrey S. Stewart
Jonathan R. Stieber
Karin K. Stoskopf
Jason T. Strand
Jed M. Stremel

Dawn M. Strickland
Elizabeth S. Strott
Scott J. Strusiner
Di Su
Lin H. Su
Anita M. Suchdeo



Miki Suetsugu
Monica E. Summers
Jeffrey B. Sumner
Lennox L. Superville, Jr.
Scott M. Sutherland
Marie-Louise Sveen



Laura R. Szejnberg
Liv N. Tabari
Marwan K. Tabbara
Sara Tabrizi
Lynn E. Talton
Jeremiah P. Tao



Catherine G. Tarbox
Richard C. Tarlowe
Jessica C. Taudte
Anika N. Taylor
Christopher C. Taylor
Crystal E. Taylor



Bulls? for Safe Rides? Did you deface East Campus on the last day of classes freshman year? What was your

Frederic T. Tenney
Stacey J. Ternowchek
Amritansh Tewary
David J. Thacker
Ashu Thapar
Jessica M. Thauer



Krishna D. Thirumala
Angelique T. Thomas
Susan C. Thompson
W. Dean Thrasher
Shannon L. Tivnan
Todd M. Tober



Fitnat F. Tobpas
Peter A. Tolsma
Joanne A. Tomasini
Alissa H. Tomson
Lisa M. Torres
Trang T. Tran





Tung T. Tran
 Andrew N. Travelstead
 Karen B. Traylor
 Megan W. Trevathan
 Danielle P. Turnipseed
 Laura B. Tyne

J. Bradley Ummer
 Jessica A. Uzcategui
 George R. Vail, Jr.
 Jill Van Berg
 Sanjay K. Vanguri
 Srinivas S. Velamoor

Victor A. Verazain
 Jesse M. Vickey
 Bradley P. Vigrass
 Lea Vihinen
 Dario R. Vivona
 Anthony P. Volpe

Kevin J. Volpe
 Patricia M. Von Fange
 Benjamin S. Von Klemperer
 Ernest S. Voyard, Jr.
 Patrick G. Wacker
 Julie M. Walden

bar? Satisfactions? The Down Under? Franklin Street? Did you do Thursdays at the Power Company?



John N. Walker
 Kendra M. Walker
 Matthew J. Walker
 Margaret H. Walkup
 Kathryn L. Wallace
 Simeon R. Wallis

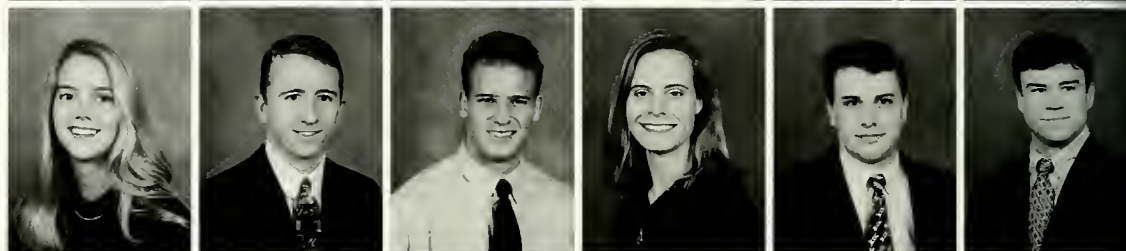
Henrietta B. Ware
 Michael J. Washo
 Linda M. Wasiczko
 Lisa E. Wasserman
 Megan E. Waterfield
 Eliza S. Waters

J. Byers Watt
 Kathryn B. Weaver
 Laura A. Weaver
 Diana M. Weed
 Molly H. Weidner
 Valerie S. Weidner

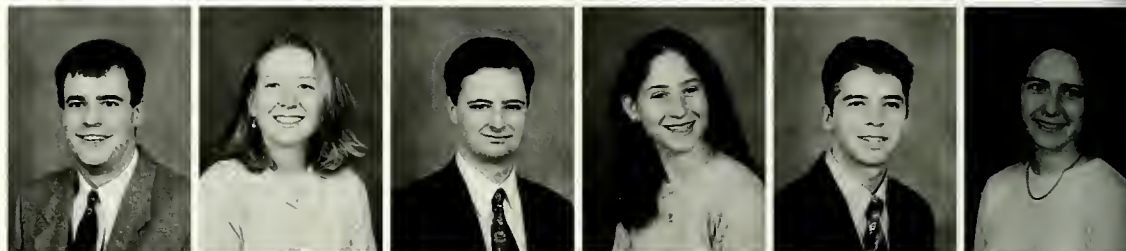
Lauren M. Weinstock
Ashley D. Wells
Shannon E. Wells
Haoling Weng
Clinton W. Wenk
Michael A. Wesley



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Slideaway to the Hideaway? Late night burritos at the Cantina? Do you like Honey's or the Waffle House? Did

Marc D. Wilson
Victoria E. Windham
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Deborah J. Wojcik
Scott A. Wolckenhauer



Elizabeth C. Wong
Robert W. Wong
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Abigail L. Zarcone
Jason G. Zeibel
Anne B. Zink
Carolyn E. Zorn

Heather G. Zorn
Amy M. Zornitzer
David S. Zorub
Evan R. Zullo
Alexander S. Zusman
Naomi L. Zweben

What was your favorite meal at Steak and Egg? Did you ever get caught cutting through the hospital? What will you remember most...



On your mark...Remember back to that hot August afternoon, about 6 in the evening when we dashed into our first-year dorms? How did we ever do it?! We were making a big move into the future. Did your mom cry? How in the world were you going to survive this roommate for an entire year?! Whoops, it was my responsibility to order the microfridge? What is the purpose of a FAC? Leaving our friends and families behind, ideas were very quickly challenged, our limits were pushed, our perspectives were widened. Were you ready for that 8 am UWC, the Black Faculty Initiative rally, DGBLA Blue Jeans Day, Spectrum? How about the first time that someone asked you to the Oak Room (as if). Sorority formals, the sea of white dresses and fraternity rush, all of those pledges in frat t-shirts for about 6 weeks — talk about a sight for sore eyes!! Were you “on your mark?” Probably not.

Get set...The graduates in the Class of 1997 are just like any other group of college grads— ambitious, intelligent, unsure of the future, procrastinators, and ready to conquer the world. We have proven ourselves time and time again through the numerous all-nighters, the back-to-back exams, the group projects with the infamous slacker and of course, papers. We are also very different because Duke is like no other college. The wealth of experiences and opportunities we have had, the world renowned faculty, the stimulating classroom and international experiences, the innate knowledge and sophistication of the student body, our merging of intensity in both academic and athletic endeavors, all set in the heart of the South have made our time here unable to be compared. Why do you think that people always were either amazed or envious when you said you went to Duke. Good news travels fast, everyone knew that we were all that. If only they knew that we were just being ourselves, not trying to fake it, a group that pushed from Sunday to Thursday to be able to kick back at the Hideaway, Satisfactions, the Power Company, the IM building and the Underground (and dance with our rotinni), We “got set” for future challenges by our stellar education balanced with our relaxed social atmosphere here.

Ready? We are just a typical group of Dukies— zealous kids who stayed up all night, sweated through Orgo, trekked over to Science Drive and stayed locked in Teer, fell asleep in Perkins, lost a paper in Perkins clusters, lounged on the quad those pleasant spring afternoons and were winners of national fellowships, math and science competitions. Those are things that we did, but let's admit it, the Class of 1997 did it with a bit of flair. We entered the University and enjoyed all that it had to offer. Pretty soon, we realized that we were charged with creating the indescribable atmosphere that has led Duke to be the envy of all other top universities. We rose to the awesome task. While we were on campus, we certainly left our mark. We did alter the campus, hopefully for the better. It took such a long time

because we had a lot to do. You are now “ready.”

GO!!!! To the graduates of the Class of 1997, I ask you to be mindful of what it means to be connected to the Duke family and moreover, to our class. It means being genuinely happy when one of the members of our class is elected to serve in public office, being proud when your classmate finds a major discovery in science and technology, going up to that person with a Duke alumni bumper sticker. It means getting involved in your community, being of service, giving back to those in need and staying interested in the community in Durham.

You may not know each of the members of your class. Others you recognize by face and always gave a friendly smile. Although smiling in the subsequent photographs, we have all had our share of down times while at Duke. The beauty of the campus has not made us immune to real life tragedy. Remember the bad times and more especially, what got you through them. Who got you through them. Very often, the people who we looked to were each other.

Will you remember your Duke experience? The first person you kissed? The girl you asked out and the guy you always flirted with? The way we sang at the concerts laughed at the comedians, cried in the movies, camped out for the games and burned a couple of benches? The Oak Room dinners, the smiling employees in the Pitts, tossing the Frisbee in the section and yes, even a parking ticket here and there. Who taught you the meaning of creepin' or 'the walk of shame'? Was it all good? Did you ever learn the true meaning of life? Did you live each day to the fullest? It feels good to remember, it probably brings a smile to your lips or a tear to your eye.

We have all completed this race. Now, we will all be running in different directions, but always be on your mark. Perhaps our paths will cross again. We can always be reunited at Duke. Represent the University, your family and yourself with respect and integrity. Get set for a series of ups and downs, always looking for the good in people. It really does exist. Always be ready, for the opportunity to excel, succeed, serve and move forward may not be planned and often it will not wait. Go, go GO!!! Always keep pushing back the boundary, raising the roof, seeking higher ground and challenging the norm. You can do it, you already did.

Turn the pages, remember the memories and always keep going...

Danielle Turnipseed, Trinity '97





Takcus Nesbit
DSG President

"Celebrate we will because life is short but sweet for certain."

D. Matthews



Hoof 'n' Horn

Executive Council

"It's our time, breathe it in,
worlds to change and worlds to win.

Our turn, coming through,
Me and you pal, me and you."

Stephen Sondheim,
"Merrily We Roll Along"



Joshua Monten

Editor
The Archive

Mamallayqa wachakuwasqa,
Taytallayqa churillawasqa...
Para puyupi chawpichallampi
Puyu hina muyunallaypaq.



Sarah Boonin and Kent McIntosh

Project Wild Program Directors

"There is no such thing as a weird human being.
It is just that some people require more understanding than others."

Tom Robbins



Josh Stearns
Elvis Impersonator

"Well, it's one for the money, two for the show,
Three to get ready, Now go cat go!"

Elvis Presley
"Blue Suede Shoes"



Edrienne Mason

Student Commencement Speaker

"We cannot cause the wind to blow the way we want it to. But we can adjust our sails so the wind will take us where we want to go."



Carmen Wallace

Fan Favorite

“As he steps into the sunlight and the radiance squints his eyes,
Many opportunities befall him,
He envisions he’s made no descent, just a brilliant rise,
Many opportunities befall him,
He knows that if he takes with
What all that he put in,
He’s just at the beginning,
And nowhere near the end,
He Rises.”



Maneesh Goyal and Erin Leverentz
Co-presidents, McKids

"Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile."

Albert Einstein



Karen Cirillo
Freewater Films

"Those people who recognize that imagination is reality's master,
we call 'sages;' and those who act upon it, we call 'artists.'"

Tom Robbins, *skinny legs and all*



Stephen Barnett
Composer

"I believe that music surpasses even language in its power
to mirror the innermost recesses of the human soul."

George Crumb



Husein Cumber
Campus Activist

"Nothing is more powerful than an individual acting out
of his conscience."

Anonymous



Seth Squadron and Steve Zapotoczny

Cable 13

Co-chairs and Filmmakers

"I dream for living."

Steven Spielberg



Friday Night Lobby Shop Guys

"Welcome to the Lobby Shop.
Leave your inhibitions at the door."



Jennifer Gross
“Blowing Bubbles and Mind Games”



Matt Gidney
Cartoonist
"Mitch in Wonderland"

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the cat: "We're all mad here. I'm mad, you're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Lewis Carroll
"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"



The Helmets
Duke's Prank Phone Artists

"Don't call us, we'll call you."



Dave Wascha and Amy Hepburn
Co-directors, Break for Change

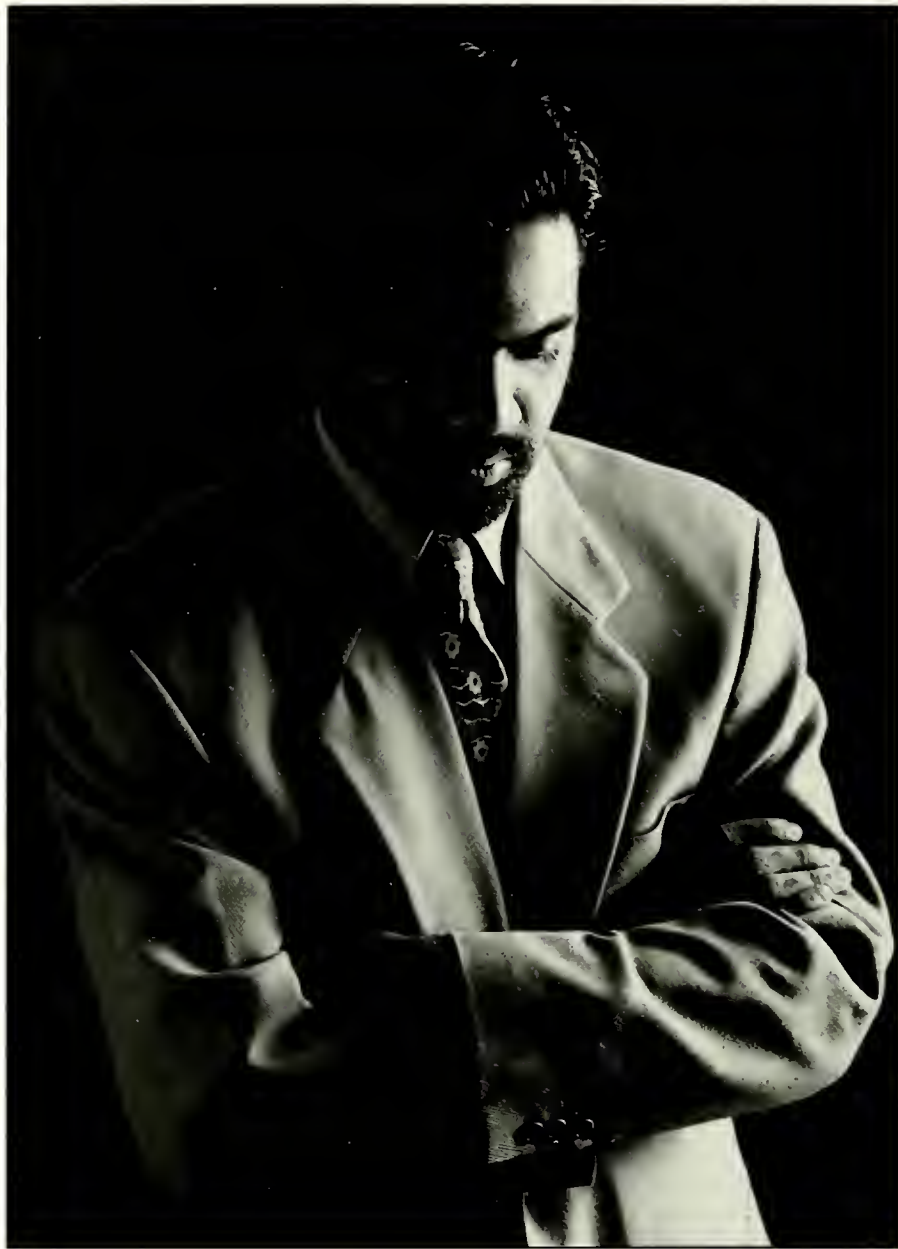
“Go to the people
Live among them
Love them
Learn from them
Serve them
Plan with them
Start with what they know
Build on what they have
And when the best leaders leave
The People will say,
‘We have done it ourselves.’”

Lao Tsu



Hanes Annex
Last Executive Council
1993-1994

"We're not dead yet."



Raj Goyle
President
Duke Democrats

"To work and fight until justice rolls down like water,
and righteousness like a mighty stream."

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.



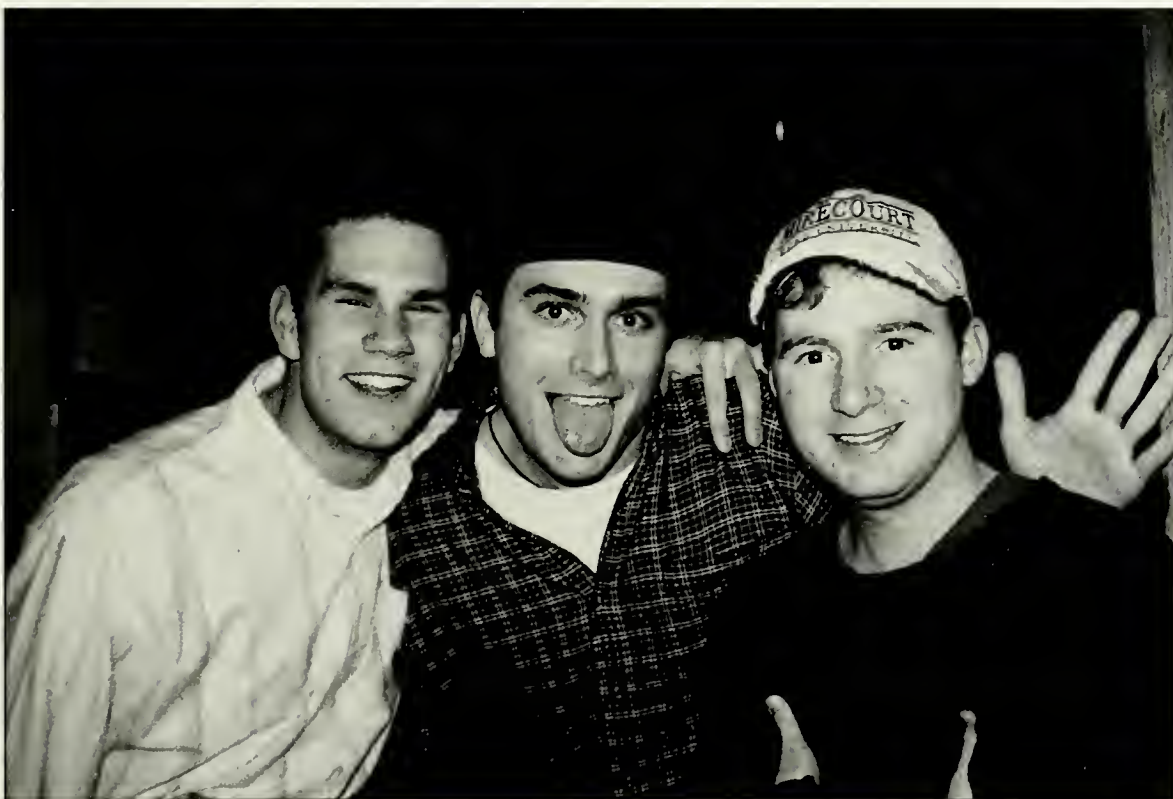
Kay Roger

Monday, Monday Columnists

"Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye."

George Michael Cohan

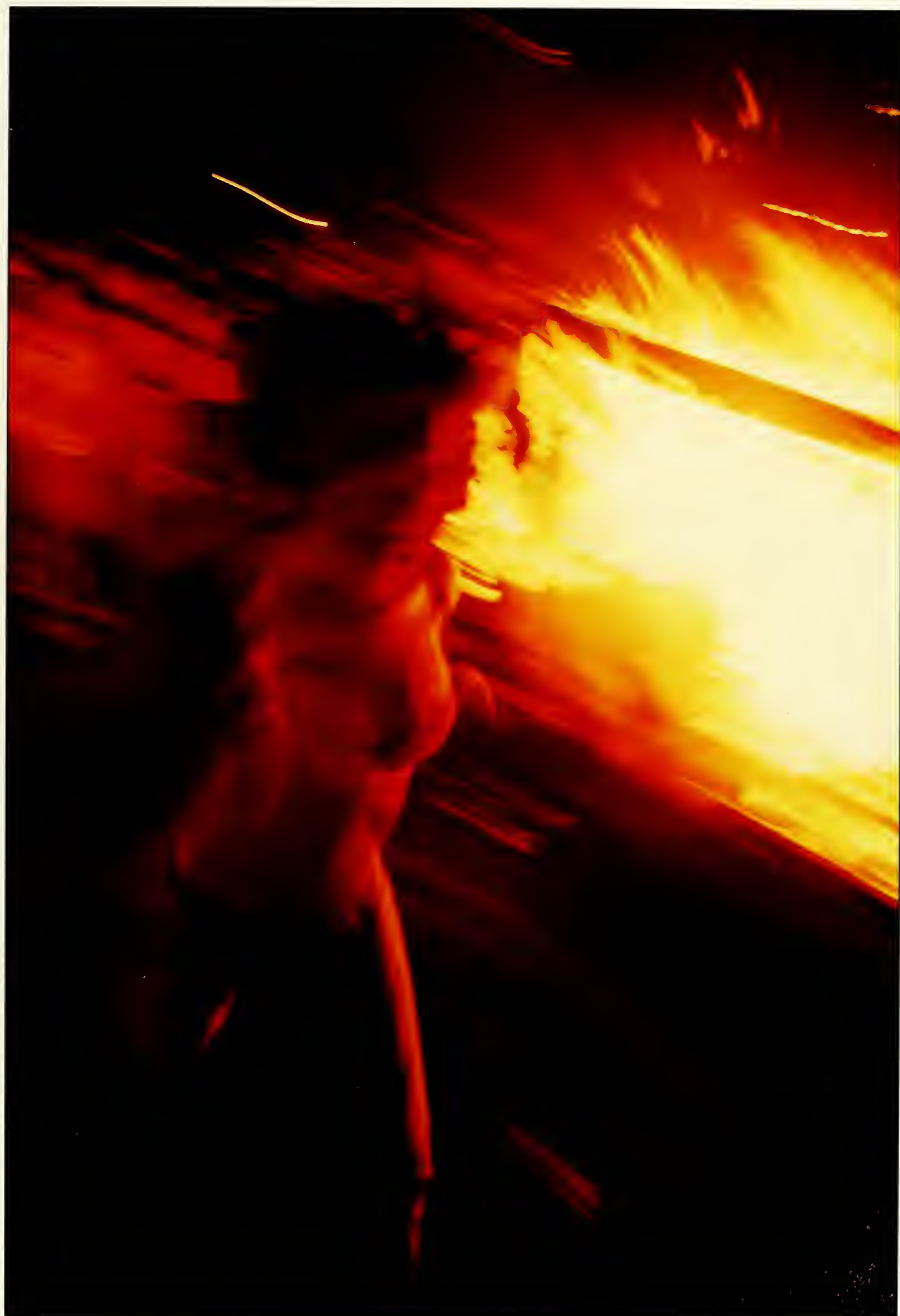






epilogue









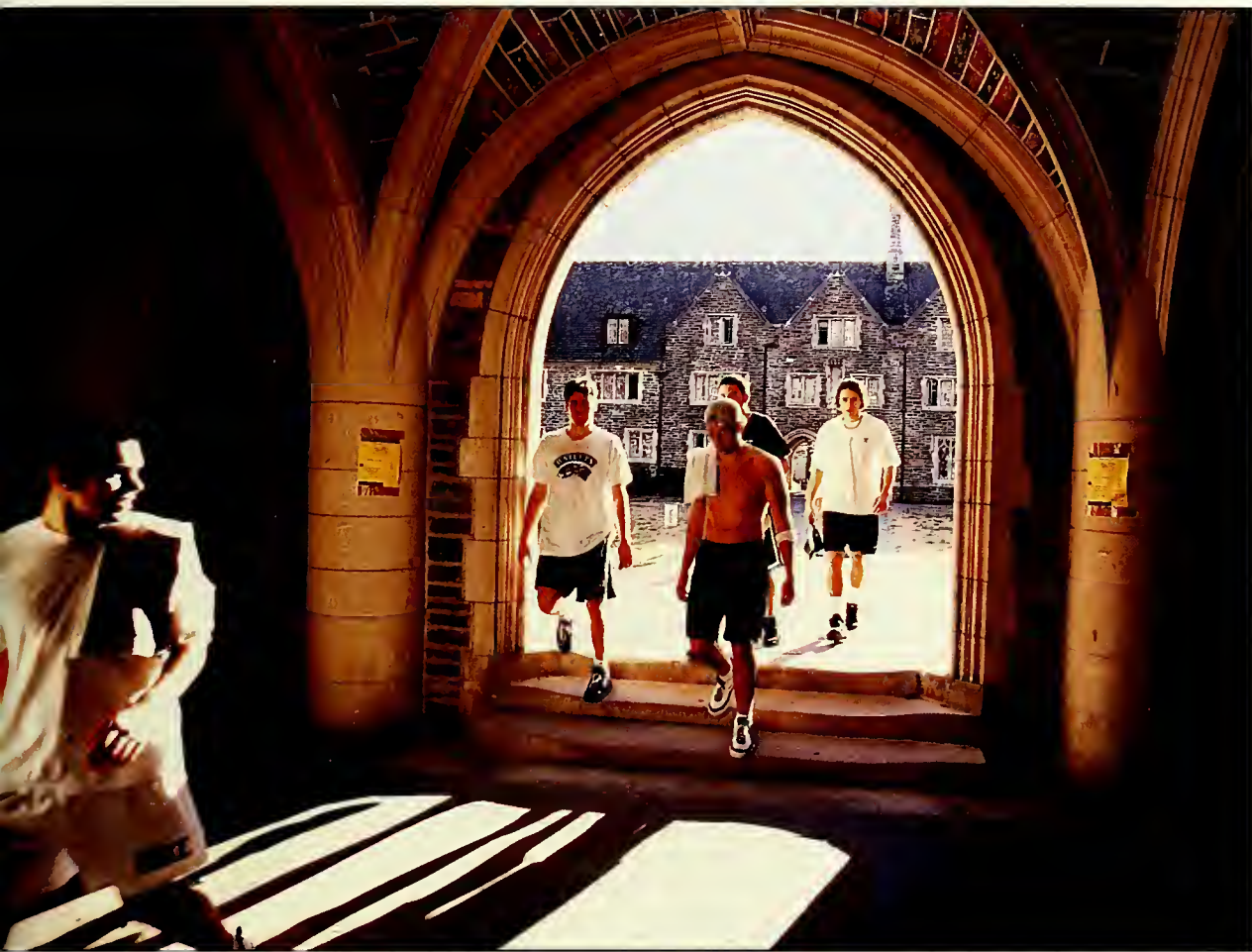






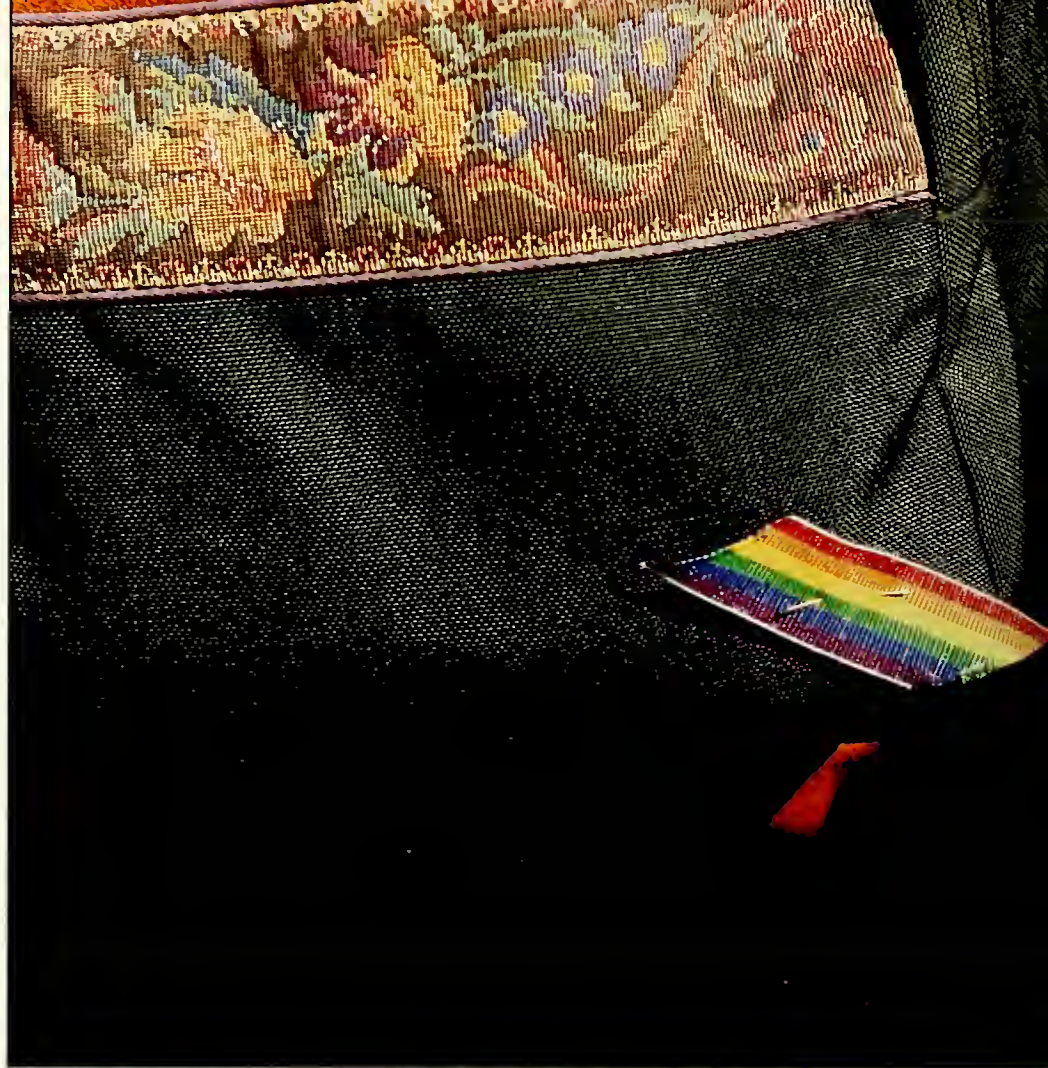




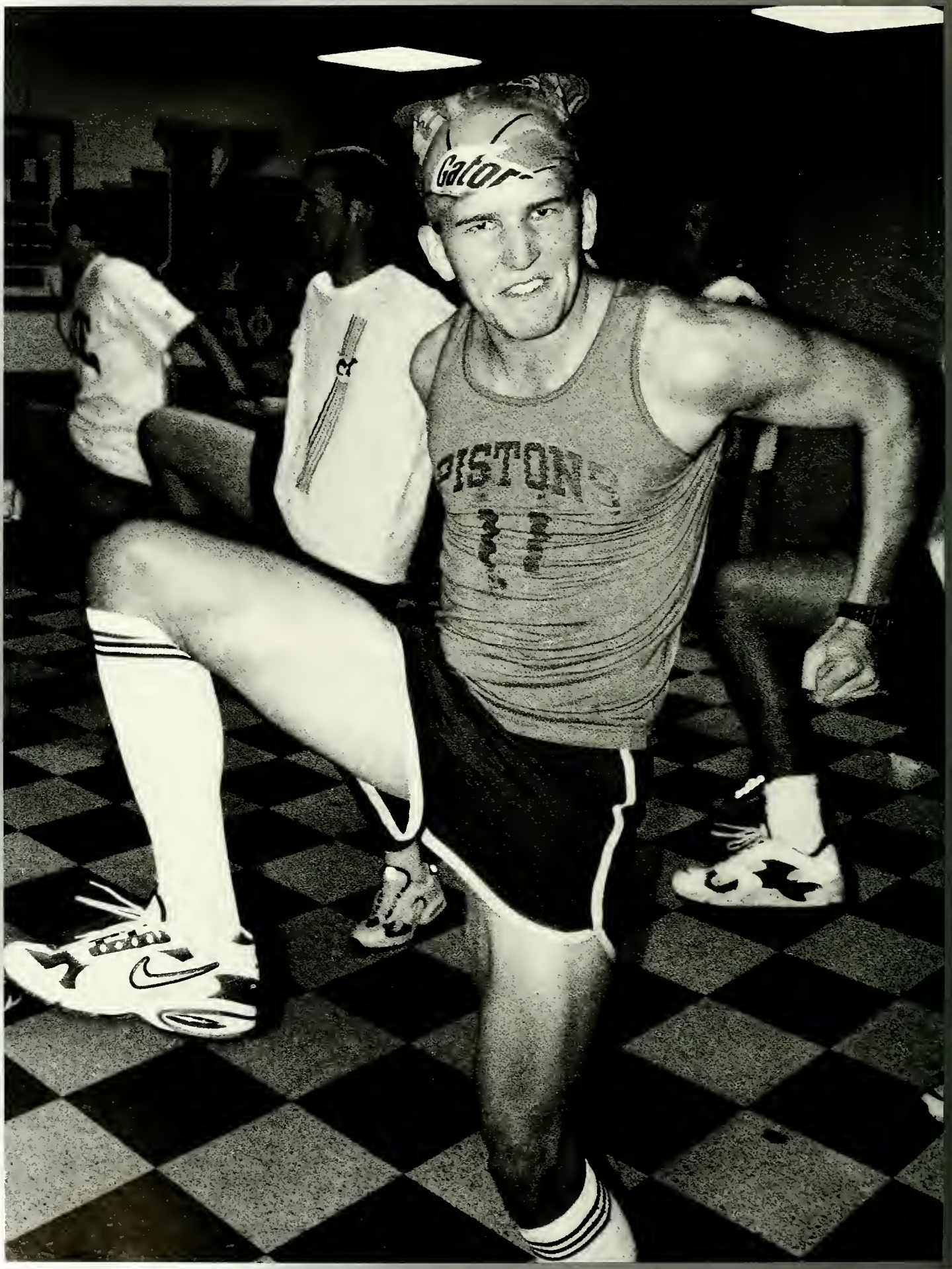












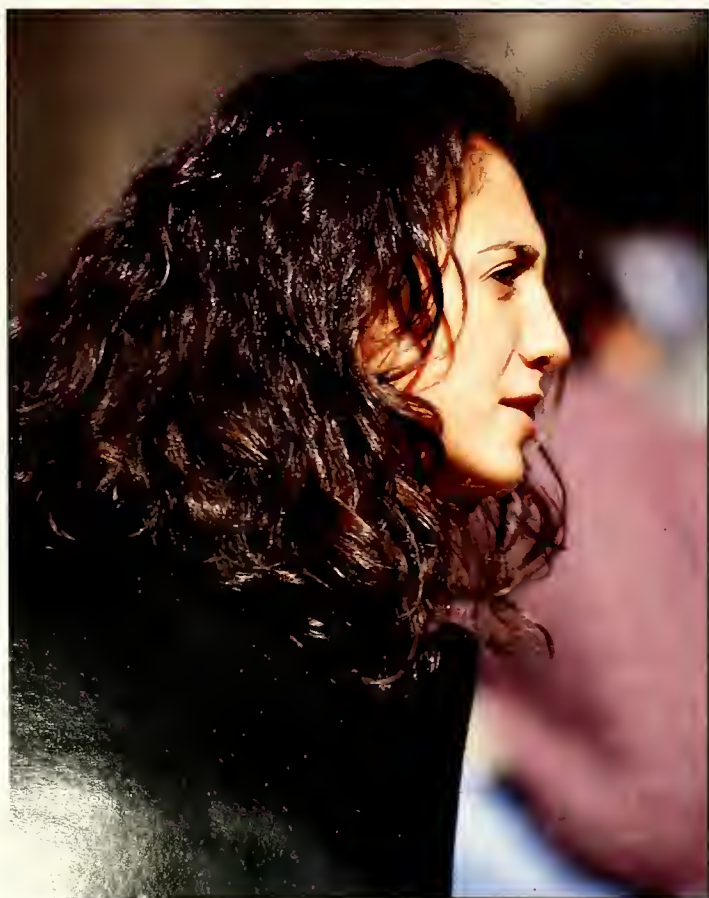








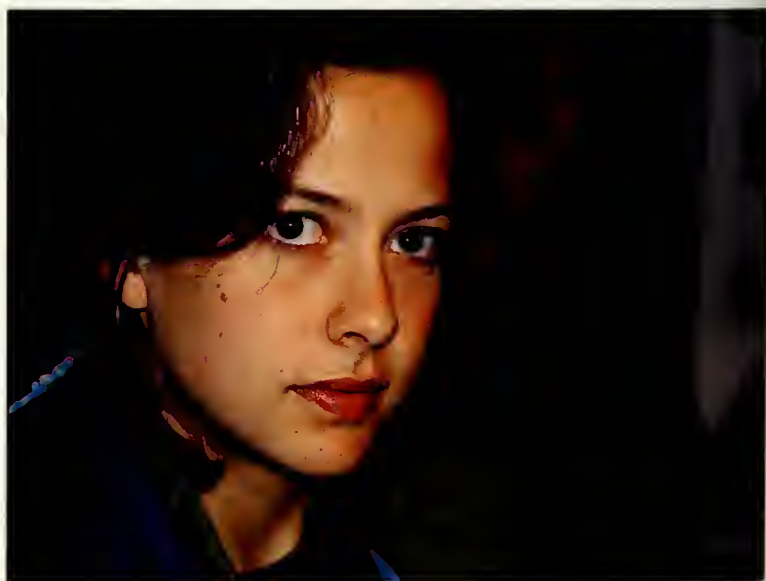
















We'll Call it College

By the time most of you read this, you'll have graduated, and all you'll have left of Duke will be a diploma, your transcript, some textbooks you couldn't get rid of, maybe a burn mark on your favorite khakis from trying and failing to clear a bonfire in a single bound, and memories. You remember the plot to kill your freshman roommate in order to get a 4.0 that semester, for example. Or you remember the first time—and the last time—you got way too drunk and ended up singing "O Canada" in the Edens parking lot with your economics TA and some old guy you met in the Kappa Sig bathroom. You remember the wins—like basketball and football in '94—and you remember the losses—like basketball and football all the other years. You remember the successes—the final UWC paper you started at 5 a.m. of the day it was due and still got an "A" on, the guy or girl from in Deryl Hart you had the courage to ask out and he or she said yes—and you remember the failures—the chem exam that you didn't get back from Mardi Gras in time to take, the pass you dropped in the final IM football game. Good times, bad times. You know you've seen your share.

Of course, now that Duke has become the sort of thing you sit in your office cubicle or med school library carrel and long for, instead of the sort of thing you sit in your dorm room or Perkins Library carrel and complain about, it's the good times you're going to remember. And why not? When you think about it, despite all of the wins and the losses, the successes and the failures, Duke has been one hell of a time. Think of the people you've met, the places you've gone, and all the silly stuff you've done. Take me, for instance. I took advantage of the academic climate here by getting back into professional wrestling, something I hadn't watched since my early high school days. I painted my face like Gene Simmons for a home basketball game against the Tigers and held up a sign reading, "Clemson can KISS our ass." And, best of all, I spent four solid years making and recording prank telephone calls with a couple of my buddies—chances are, you heard from us at some point during your undergraduate career. Good times, good times.

Now, while I realize that not all of you like to humiliate yourselves in public and engage in adolescent—not to mention unlawful—behavior, I'm still sure that Duke has given you more than your fair share of "college" experiences, experiences that you wouldn't have been able to savor the wonderful ridiculousness of at any other time in your life. Don't get me wrong—I also appreciate the more serious side of our years at Duke, the hours upon hours dedicated to passionate intellectual, athletic, and artistic endeavors in search of that intangible and elusive mark of the educated person. What you know you are when you finally unroll a parchment calling you a "bachelor" of arts, science, or engineering. And not just any old "bachelor," mind you—a bachelor from one of the finest institutions of higher learning in the known universe.

But now that you're there, now that you've climbed the height of the ivory tower and entered the chamber of wisdom and knowledge and all things good, what are you going to remember most about the journey? The endless days and nights spent in the library, the studio, the gym? Or the time you and your friends got busted for trying to build a miniature golf course on the roof of your freshman dorm? Duke was college, and we were those crazy college kids. And my money's on the mini-golf.

Ken Sansone, Trinity '97





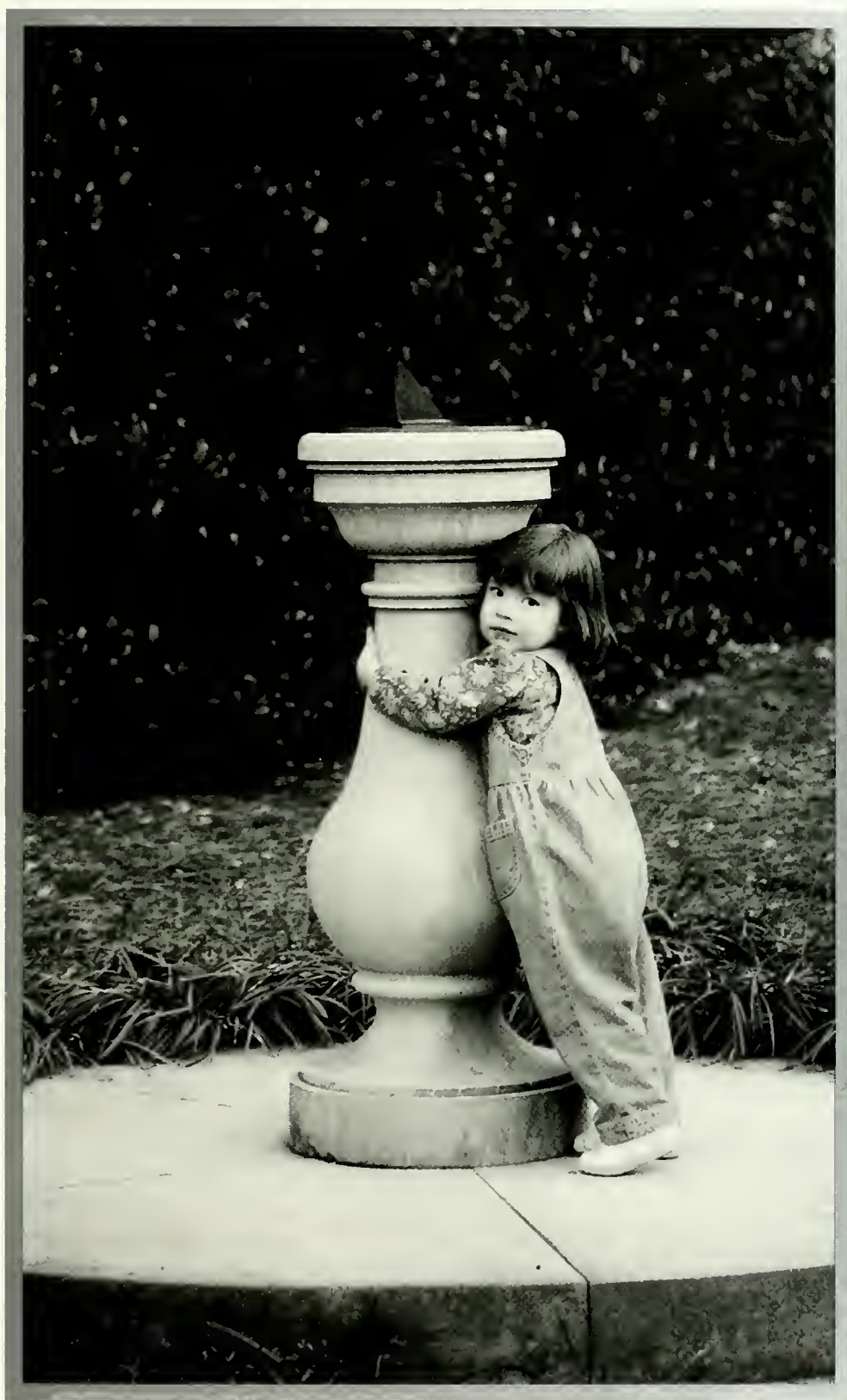






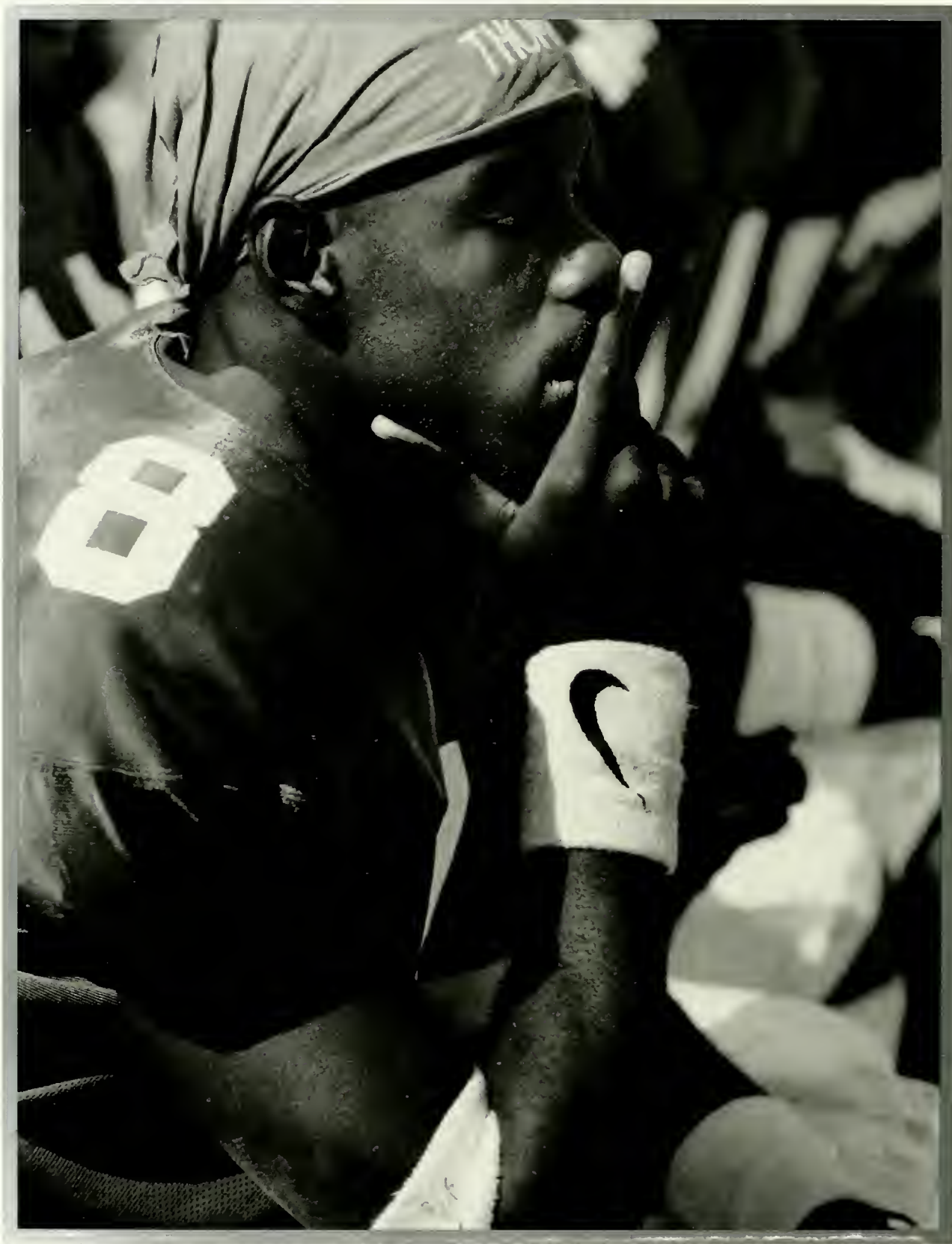


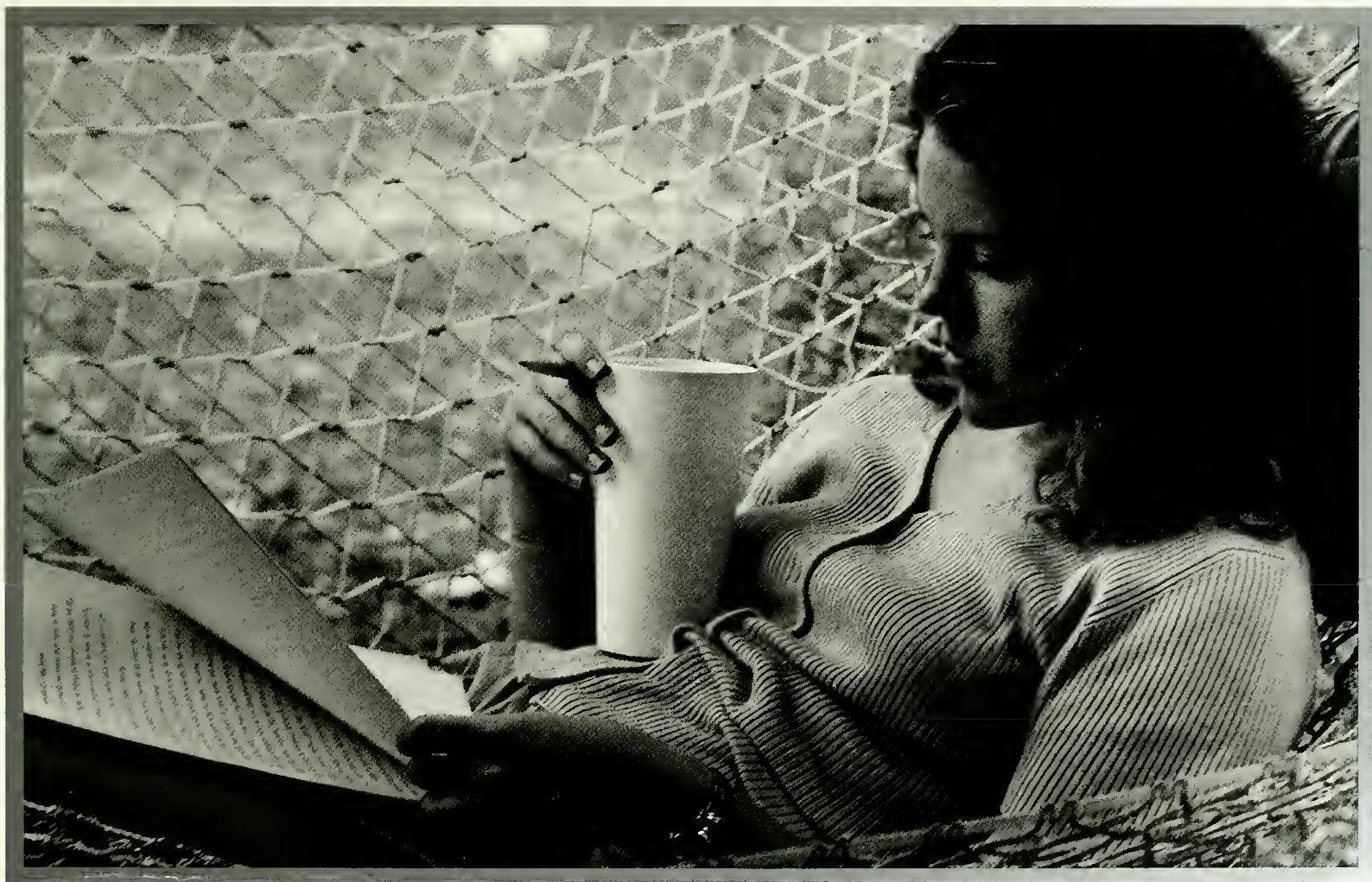




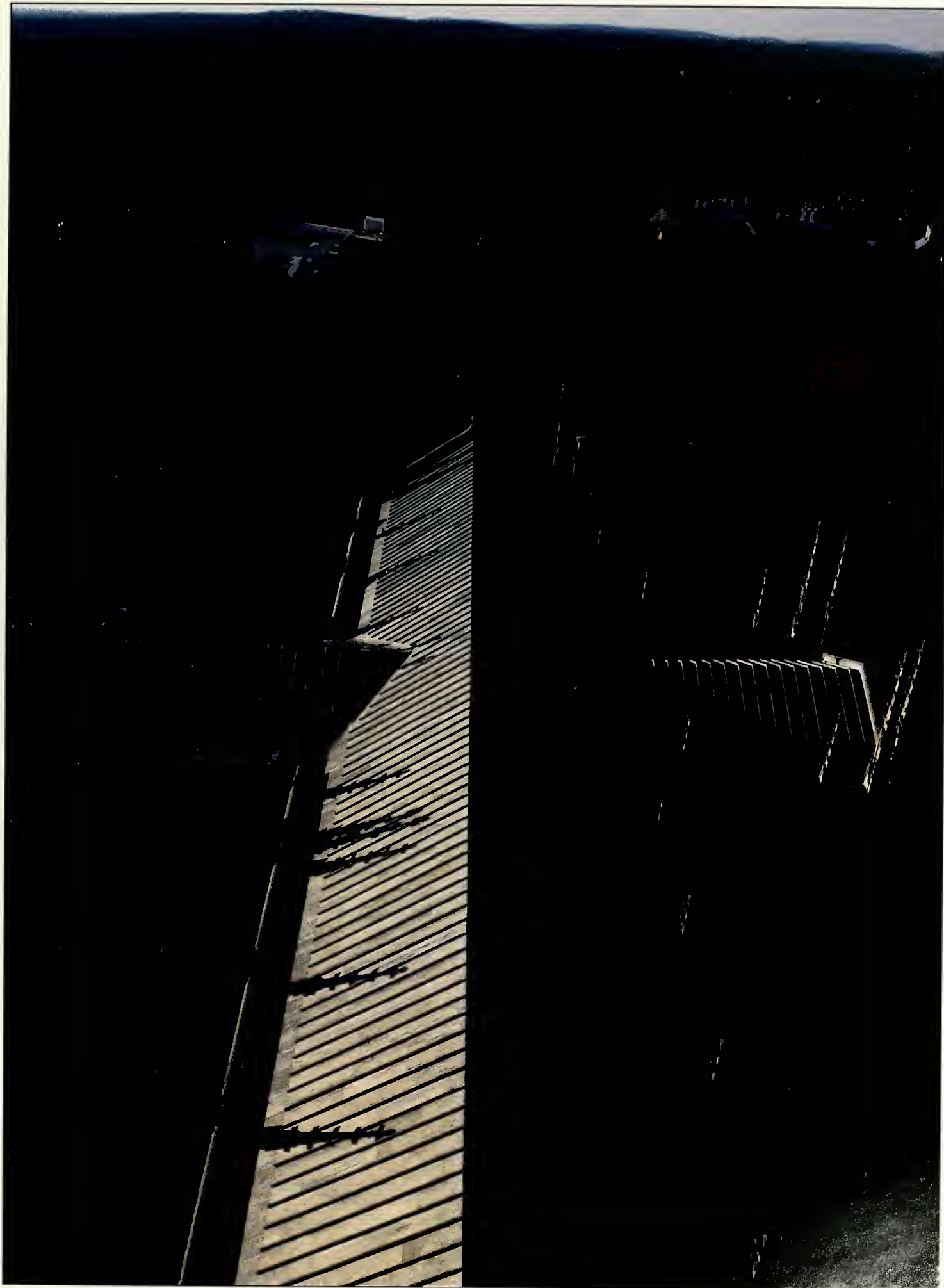












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